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Dixon Wecter, author of "The Age of the Great Depression." *(See page 9)*

Double Trouble

Are More Studies, More Facilities, More Money the Key for Better Education?

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

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July 17, 1948

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Who's Tops in Telephones?

It's U.S.

There are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world put together. The United States has one telephone for about every four people, compared to one telephone for every ninety people for the rest of the world.

Sweden comes closest with one telephone for every five people. In the British Isles there's one telephone for every eleven people. In Russia the estimate is about one in a hundred.

New York leads the world's cities with the most telephones. It has 2,600,000—more than in all of France. In relation to population, San Francisco is on top with about one telephone for every two people. Washington ranks a close second.

And we're still building and expanding at the fastest rate in history. The value of telephone service is increasing constantly.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE most pleasant ways to spend a starlit summer evening in New York is to wander up to Lewisohn Stadium and listen to a concert by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. The programs are well chosen, the soloists are top-flight, and with the exception of the annual Gershwin Memorial Concert, there always is plenty of room.

The Stadium Concerts owe their existence to a remarkable lady named Minnie Guggenheimer. A born showwoman, she combines the qualities of Elsa Maxwell, Empress Catherine of Russia, and Sophie Tucker. She bullies her friends into making up the deficits, and when anything goes wrong, merely has to bounce out upon the podium to restore the audience to high good humor.

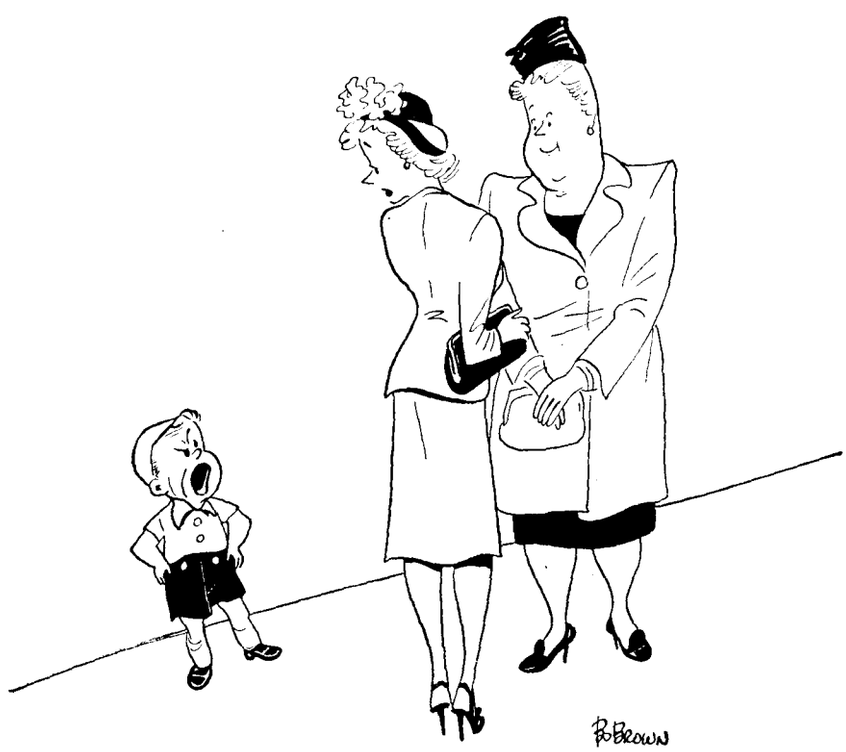
Every year, the mayor promises a brand new stage for the following season, and Commissioner Howard Cullman swears that air traffic will be routed to avoid the Stadium. To date neither has delivered, but at this season's premiere, Bill O'Dwyer did go through the motion of digging up a spadeful of turf. Then Erica Morini undertook the "Tschaikovsky Concerto in D Major." Then a Constellation flew directly overhead. Then a car back-fired nearby. "Minnie's done it," gasped her daughter-in-law Elinor. "She's shot Howard Cullman." . . .

At the conclusion of the concert, Mayor O'Dwyer drove Grover Whalen, Paul Schoenstein (Pulitzer Prize winner, and city editor of the *Journal American*), my wife, and me to Gracie Mansion for refreshments. We rode in his official car, and I commented on the pleasure of driving through red traffic lights. The mayor said, "That's one of the privileges of being mayor." My wife said, "Bennett isn't mayor, but he drives through red lights anyhow." My wife is a great little fixer.

MAYOR BILL O'DWYER IS one of the swellest gents in these parts. He began his career as a cop on the beat, and he's proud of it. Commissioner Mulrooney recalls that O'Dwyer's first assignment was to a precinct in darkest Brooklyn. His honor had never been to Brooklyn before in his life, but he straightened his new uniform, polished his badge, and bravely set forth by subway. He got out at the right station, but once on the sidewalk, was lost completely. His first official inquiry, therefore, was addressed to a native. "Pardon me," he said sheepishly, "but could you tell me the way to the nearest police station?" The native directed him, then hollered after him, "Ya big bum, go back to Manhattan." The mayor verifies Mulrooney's story and adds, "That's the one time I didn't talk back."

O'Dwyer studied law at night, and rose to the post of D. A. of Kings County. When he entered the mayoralty campaign against La Guardia he knew he didn't have a chance, and consoled the late Mrs. O'Dwyer by pointing out that Gracie Mansion was just a big barn—a former museum, in fact—and in no way as comfortable as their home in Brooklyn. She never forgot, and disapproved thoroughly of his running again in 1945. After he was elected, she could not reconcile herself to housekeeping in Gracie Mansion. The mayor saw a chance to win her over when President Truman paid an official call on his way to Fordham for an honorary degree. A photographer from the *News* took a picture of the President and the mayor walking arm in arm towards the camera, and it turned out so well the *News* spread it all over page one. The mayor showed it to Mrs. O'Dwyer. "That's not so bad after all, is it?" he asked. Mrs. O'Dwyer's comment was, "Hmph! Amos and Andy!"

One of Mayor O'Dwyer's most arduous chores is sidestepping stunts dreamed up for him by the indefatigable Grover Whalen. For the Jubilee parade, celebrating Greater New York's fiftieth anniversary, Whalen produced a tally-ho with four horses to transport his honor down Fifth Avenue. He thoughtfully provided three professional actors in costume to add local color, but neglected to check the brakes. On the first downward grade, the tally-ho careened sharply, the horses bolted, and the actors beat it for the nearest bar and grill. The mayor stuck manfully to his post, and even managed to grin at the populace—until he spotted Mr. Whalen proceeding comfortably down the avenue in the back seat of a 1948 Studebaker convertible. . . .



"Can't I make a remark without you repeating it all over the neighborhood?"

MGM's IDEA OF HOW a prominent book publisher conducts his affairs is given full rein in "The Bride Goes Wild," starring Van Johnson and June Allyson (a great favorite of this department). Hume Cronyn plays the publisher, and a wonderful freckle-faced brat named Butch Jenkins is his chief tormenter. The picture sags in spots, but on the whole is hilarious nonsense. MGM refuses to reveal the identity of the actual publisher used as a model for Cronyn's antics, but critics point out that one of the most important producers on the lot is Alfred Knopf's brother, Edwin. Draw

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"Why no, didn't *you* bring anything to eat?"

what conclusions you will. . . . Other new or forthcoming pictures recommended heartily by TRADE WINDS: "Easter Parade," "A Foreign Affair," "The Street with No Name," "Sorry, Wrong Number," and Lawrence Olivier's impressive production of "Hamlet." . . .

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY sponsors the first book from Justice Bill Douglas since he took his seat on the Supreme Court in 1939. It is a number of his writings and speeches, selected by Richard J. Walsh, and published under the title of "Being an American." . . . Another John Day headliner will be Lin Yutang's new novel, "Chinatown Family," the story of a laundryman who migrated to the United States in Gold Rush days, and prospered here. . . . Budd Schulberg's next novel, "The Disenchanted," will be a story of a fabulous writer of the Twenties, and his equally fabulous wife. . . . Sam Adams submits a quote from the *Boston Statesman*: "Literature is a nation's luxury, and in the event of a national retrenchment it is the first sufferer." It appeared, by the way, in the issue dated September 25, 1829. . . . Ives Washburn is in receipt of a letter from Stockholm, bidding for the Swedish rights to " 'The Narrative of a Voyage,' by Whale Hunt." . . . Frank Egner, genial president of Funk & Wagnalls, has sent me a postcard he received from Saginaw, Michigan. It reads, "We are a gift shop and do not handle books. Please take us off your mailing list." The name of the shop is "The Book Nook." . . .

A RECENT STORY IN TRADE WINDS about Harper's Adam Burger has stirred memories of other of his exploits. . . . Harry Korner, in Cleveland, remembers the very first time Adam came to sell him the Harper line. Korner picked up the dummy of one novel and asked, "What's this about?" Adam replied airily, "About two-fifty." . . . Cass Canfield enthused for twenty minutes at a sales conference about a bulky two-volume importation from England. When he had finished, he turned to Burger and said, "What do you think, Adam?" Adam shifted a toothpick, and allowed, "It'll make a wonderful door-stop." . . . Back in 1932, the staid Century Company (which was merged later with D. Appleton) came up with a smash success in "State Fair" by Phil Stong. Johnny Winters, sales manager of Century, proudly shepherded his new star to the Booksellers' convention banquet. Nelson Doubleday stopped to shake hands with Stong, and draped an arm over his shoulder. Burger took one look and hollered, "Hey, Winters! There goes your fall list!" . . .

One of the original Harper brothers, by the way, must have been quite a wit in his own right. That was brother James. They tell of a visit paid at the height of the fall rush by an inquisitive meddler who asked innumerable questions. Harper answered all of them politely, until the intruder remarked, "Let's see now. You say your brother John watches the credits, brother Wesley is office manager, and brother Fletcher heads the editorial department. Just what does that leave for you to do?" James told him, "In strictest confidence, I have the most difficult task of all. I entertain the bores."

BENNETT CERF.

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By BERT ANDREWS

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The House by the Sea

By JON GODDEN

A Book Society Choice in England

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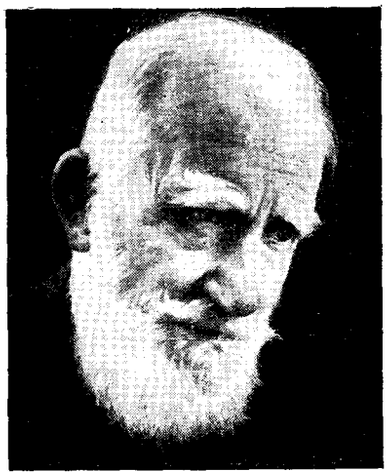

"As corrected" by
G. BERNARD SHAW
on the 6th day of the 3rd month of 1948

On this page—especially reproduced from the original typescript for readers of the *Saturday Review*—are G.B.S.'s "corrections," in his own handwriting, of a Pan American World Airways advertisement. See the complete 4-color version in this week's issues of TIME (dated July 19) and the *New Yorker* (dated July 17) now on the newsstands.

IRELAND -- Only 12½ hours away by Flying Clipper

-- daily flights between New York and Shannon ... also service from Boston and Washington

Press as corrected GBS 6/3/1948

Art: Bernard Shaw has testified that

"There is no magic like that of Ireland,
There are no skies like Irish skies,
There is no air like Irish air.
~~Two weeks in~~ The Irish climate
Will make the stiffest and slowest mind
flexible for life;*,

run on

~~(signed) Bernard Shaw~~
"and you can go on to London now
by air/~~luxurious Clipper~~ in less
than two hours,** instead of
~~an uncomfortable~~ sixteen** by rail and unquiet sea.

G. Bernard Shaw

~~(*)This wording is Mr. Shaw's own and was added at his request.~~

(captions)

ASHFORD CASTLE on Lough Corrib in County Mayo offers excellent hotel accommodations. On its 3500 green acres, you can fish, hunt, golf ~~enjoy the~~ Irish skies!

under.

DUBLIN, CAPITAL OF EIRE, is an architecturally noble metropolis of over half a million people. This is O'Connell Street, with the O'Connell Bridge across the Liffey in the foreground.

within half an hour's car drive of wild mountain scenery, and a tram drive of a seaside that rivals the Bay of Naples in European fame.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Flying Clippers

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Double Trouble

Are More Studies, More Facilities, More Money the Key for Better Education?

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Robert M. Hutchins

THE report of the President's Commission* reflects the educational system with which it deals. It is big and booming. It is confused, confusing, and contradictory. It has something for everybody. It is generous, ignoble, bold, timid, naive, and optimistic. It is filled with the spirit of universal brotherhood and the sense of American superiority. It has great faith in money. It has great faith in courses. It is anti-humanistic and anti-intellectual. It is confident that vices can be turned into virtues by making them larger. Its heart is in the right place; its head does not work very well.

Every cliché and every slogan of contemporary educational discussion appear once more. Much of the report reads like a Fourth-of-July oration in pedaguese. It skirts the edge of illiteracy, and sometimes falls over the brink. And, when the battle has ended, the field is strewn with the corpses of the straw men the Commission has slain.

The cry is "more": more money, more buildings, more professors, more students, more everything. The educational system is taken as given. It may be wasteful and shoddy. But let us expand it, even if that means that it will be more wasteful and shoddier, and all will be well.

If the Commission's purpose was to write a propaganda document, to praise American education and not to criticize it, the result is unconvincing. A good propaganda document should not promise what is obviously impossible and undesirable, as the Commission does when it proposes to double the output of doctors by 1960 and to double the staff of the colleges by 1952. Only disillusionment can follow from a program which undertakes to make the American people intelligent, prosperous, and happy by the simple process of doubling the students, the professors, and the expenditures of higher-educational institutions.

The Commission is right about many things. It is right in pointing out that higher education in the United States is free only in the sense that public colleges and universities charge low fees or none. Higher education is not free in the sense that students without money can avail themselves of it. The cost of living and the loss of earning power to their families prevent many young people from going to a free college. They are just as well qualified as those who go. Many of those who go do so because they can afford it. Many of those who do not go don't because they can't. The Commission properly insists that the economic condition of a young person's parents should not determine his educational opportunities.

The Commission sees that the economic barriers to educational opportunity must be broken down by the Federal Government. Only the Federal Government has the money. Only the Federal Government can equalize educational opportunity among the states. Federal equalization without Federal control can best be obtained by national scholarships and fellowships; students could use them to pay their way at any accredited institution, public or private.

THE Commission attacks the economic barriers to education by advocating the wide extension of the junior-college movement. These institutions, which the Commission prefers to call "community colleges," enable the student to live at home through the conventional sophomore year. The Commission favors making this college as free to the student as the high school is today. Although the Commission has no clear idea of the purpose, organization, or activities of the community college, the Commission does understand that this unit can do much to equalize educational opportunity.

The Commission strongly condemns those barriers to educational opportunity which have been thrown up by racial and religious prejudices. These are indefensible, and have never been defended on their merits. The defense has been that colleges and universities would do more harm than good, or at least would do no good, to those whom they were trying to help, if they took a stand against discrimination which was much in advance of the communities in which they were located. Actually the horrid consequences predicted when the removal

*HIGHER EDUCATION FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. Report of the President's Commission on Higher Education. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 131 pp. $3.75.

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of discrimination is discussed in educational institutions never materialize when it is removed. If there were some unpleasantness, it could not be regarded as important. What is important is that institutions of higher learning should stand for something. If they will not stand for the Rights of Man, how can they expect anybody else to?

THE Commission is on sound ground when it urges the extension of the educational opportunities open to adults. Many adults have had no education, including great numbers who have graduated from college. Education is a process which should go on through the whole of life. Many disciplines, and they are among the most important, will not give up their secrets except to those who have had experience with the issues which the disciplines raise. The education of youth is a waste of time if youth is to have no future. Unless we can educate those who control the world today, it seems most unlikely that youth can have a future.

The Commission is right on many other matters with which it deals more briefly. It is right on the value of technical aids to learning, though it exaggerates the educational possibilities of AM broadcasting. It is right on the place of intercollegiate athletics. It rightly attacks specialization, the narrow preparation of college teachers, and the limitations which professions place on their numbers in order to increase the prestige or value of their services. It rightly urges the support of basic research by industry, though it says, for reasons which are obscure, that half the support of basic research must in the future come from the Federal Government. It opposes secrecy in research and the control of research by the military. It is for academic freedom.

It is impossible to form a judgment on some sections of the report, because it is impossible to discover what the Commission's attitude is. The most important of the issues which the Commission leaves unresolved is that of the organization of education. Yet, unless this question can be intelligently settled, the extension of the junior colleges will be of doubtful benefit to the country; much of the money which the Commission wishes to have spent on education will be wasted, and the system which results will be inferior to the one we have today.

The Commission shows, in a number of ways, that the two-year college duplicates the high school; it cuts the college of liberal arts in half and makes it a two-year unit, too. The opportunity which the Commission had, and missed, was the opportunity to follow its own reasoning to the creation of a 6-4-4-3 system to the master's degree and to put the bachelor's degree, two-year units, and two-year curriculums, with the inefficiency, duplication, and aimlessness which they reflect and cause, to sleep forever.

Some difficulties arise in discussing matters even more important than the organization of education because the Commission, through inadvertence, indecision, or a desire to please everybody, contradicts or qualifies its statements to such an extent that it is possible to prove almost anything from the report.

These contradictions and qualifications appear in discussions of quality and diversification in education, in discussions of the wisdom of applying "to present and future problems 'eternal' truths revealed in earlier ages." These illustrate one of the fundamental misconceptions upon which the report is based. This is the assumption that education can do everything and that education ought to do everything. Since education can do everything and ought to do everything, it can and should pursue conflicting purposes, for every purpose is as good as every other. Hence there can be no such thing as a contradiction in the report. I am reminded of a great educator I once knew who, when he was told that something he proposed was wrong and that he ought to do the opposite, would say, "We'll do that too!"

The fact that distresses the Commission most is that in 1945 half the children of America were growing up in families which had a cash income of $2,530 or less. The Commission is pained to learn that the birth rate is highest in the families with the lowest income. We find the Commission saying in passing that "all measures which will contribute to increasing the total national productivity thus become essential as indirect means toward lessening economic barriers to education." But if we can raise the incomes of the families with the lowest incomes, we shall lower the birth rate of those families and hence lower the birth rate in the parts of the country in which those families live.

There is no harm in the fact that the Commission takes the economic system for granted and tries to see what can be done to overcome the handicaps which it causes by direct assistance to students and institutions; the Commission was appointed to study education and not economics. It is clear that whatever is done by way of scholarships or grants-in-aid to institutions cannot go to the heart of the matter. But there is real danger that our people will think that, if they make the vast educational expenditures recommended by the Commission, the problem is solved.

The Commission repeatedly asserts that it is the responsibility of the educational system to supply the vast army of trained personnel which society requires. It asks it to give all types of vocational training and at the same time "build richly textured and gracious lives."

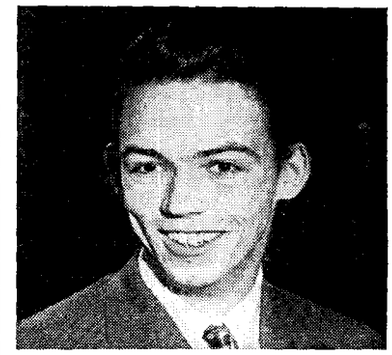
Education cannot do everything. It cannot do everything equally well. It seems altogether likely that the attempt on the part of education to do what it cannot do well will prevent it from doing what it can do well. One of the things education can-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Book Notes

By Melville Cane

SUMNER WELLES
Wisely tells;
Cordell Hull,
Good to mull;
Jim Farley
A bit too snarly;
Harold Laski,
Shrewd and pesky;
Vinegar Stilwell
Fills the bill well;
Grand old Winnie,
Worth a guinea.



My Current Reading

With Britain's David Low, **Bill Mauldin** is probably the most devastating cartoonist of our day. He draws to the point, and he has written to the point, too, in his "Up Front" of two years ago, and in last fall's "Back Home."

THE GALLERY, *by John Horne Burns (Harper).*
THE STILWELL PAPERS, *edited by Theodore H. White (Sloane).*
MOBY DICK, *by Herman Melville.*
THE ELEPHANT AND THE KANGAROO, *by Theodore H. White (Putnam).*

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U.S.A. *In 1932 Stuart Chase wrote a book called "The New Deal," which may have provided Roosevelt with his slogan. Today it is still inadvisable to mention the words before elderly bankers at dinner. The New Deal has not been forgotten; yet insensibly it is slipping back into history. We review below Dixon Wecter's "The Age of the Great Depression," the first major attempt by an historian to describe and appraise dispassionately that fascinating period. This year has been rich in memoirs which span the New Deal—Stimson's, Hull's, Farley's; to which should be added Frances Perkins's "The Roosevelt I Knew" of 1946, the forthcoming "Roosevelt and Hopkins—An Intimate History," and Ickes's memoirs. Such books will provide raw material for the next major synthesis, which should be Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s "The Age of Roosevelt."*

Hard Times in America: 1929-41

THE AGE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION. By Dixon Wecter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 362 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN A. KROUT

IN describing Dixon Wecter's report on the state of the Union during the years of the Great Depression, one is tempted to reach for superlatives; for it is reporting of high quality—accurate, interesting, and provocative. But it is more than that. The image captured by his "camera eye" has been developed into exciting social history. Some will compare it—and not unfavorably—with the famous third chapter in Macaulay's "History," or with G. M. Trevelyan's brief but striking commentary on the Victorian era.

Fortunately, Mr. Wecter is not inclined to define social history negatively, as the "history of a people with the politics left out." Such an omission would have been peculiarly unjustifiable in any portrayal of the American scene between 1929 and 1941. These were the years when the daily life of the people of the United States was affected as never before by the processes and power of government—local, state, and national. They constitute a challenge, which this author does not avoid, to show how the interaction of economic and political forces may determine the cultural characteristics of an era, or at least place a perdurable stamp on its literature and art, its religion and education, as well as on its industry and agriculture.

The grim story of the Great Depression—the suffering of the unemployed, the misery of the homeless, the loss of savings, the collapse of business enterprise, the weakening of democratic processes, the decline in standards of conduct—makes sober reading in these pages; but it does not obscure the main theme. Whatever else happened to Americans during the decade after the stock market crash of 1929, there can be no doubt that they tried to revive that quest for social justice which, starting in the days of Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson, had been quickly engulfed in the imperatives of the First World War. This time the search was along a broader front. It involved more than a sentimental concern for undernourished children, underpaid laborers, exploited sharecroppers, submarginal farmers, slum dwellers, and others among the underprivileged. It would not be satisfied with "palliatives like slum clearance and model housing, new legislation against child labor, wage-and-hour laws, rural resettlement, loans to struggling farmers, and the furtherance of soil conservation." Its central objective was social security; not merely security for "old age confronting the ultimate joblessness," but protection for every person against the obvious hazards which were beyond his power to control. Many placed their faith completely in the promises of the New Deal, while others, fearful of radicalism and revolution, longed for a return to the old order in which individual enterprise and free competition had been deeply cherished. "But from either side," as the author wisely remarks, "the basic urge remained curiously the same."

Most readers will applaud Mr. Wecter for his sustained effort to be cautious in statement and fair in judgment. Great are the risks in any attempt to evaluate the complexities of an era so nearly contemporary and so clearly controversial, but the author's obvious gifts as a literary craftsman have been his best insurance. In general he looks sympathetically on the

THE AUTHOR: Dixon Wecter, a mild-mannered, forty-two-year-old Texan, grew up on the Rio Grande during Villa's rampage. "My most vivid memory from the age of ten," he says, "is a bullet that shattered my bedroom window one midnight—from the gun of one of our defenders, a National Guardsman in his cups." Some five years later he went to Baylor University, then Yale, and—as Rhodes Scholar—Oxford. There, besides tennis and rowing "very badly," he got a B.Litt., wrote his first book, "The Saga of American Society," dug into another on Edmund Burke. At the University of Colorado he taught four years and married one of his students. In 1939 he joined the University of California, now sharing him, as research chairman, with San Marino's Huntington Library. Friend Thomas Wolfe introduced him to Maxwell Perkins, who helped deliver his widely hailed third, "The Hero in America" (1941). "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a demobilization history financed by Guggenheim the next year and abbreviated for the War Department, won a Life in America Prize. In 1945 he occupied Australia's pioneer chair in American history at Sydney University. "As seemed fitting in the Antipodes, I taught the course backwards." His chapter on Mark Twain for the next fall's "The Literary History of the United States," won him editorship of the Mark Twain Estate. He has been ransacking Missouri to do an amplified edition of Clemens's letters and notebooks, plans a biography. Last summer he towboated the Ohio and Mississippi; this month he is tracking Twain through the Sierras. He is literary boardman of three literary periodicals, contributes to *Atlantic* and *SRL,* is "foolishly fond of dachshunds," belongs to no organized action-group, favors ERP and a strong military. "World crises, unluckily, have the habit of catching us offstride in election years—with our worst foot forward in a Congress gaiter . . . I shall watch the Presidential campaign attentively, being something of a midget racing fan." —R. G.

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hopes and aspirations of the Roosevelt Administrations, though he finds the legislative program essentially experimental and concedes that some parts of it "were tried, legally nullified, willingly scrapped, or drastically modified." He feels that the New Deal did not and apparently could not solve the basic recovery problem, but with all its "mistakes and shortcomings, its level of public trust remained singularly high and its leadership sincere."

One of the most interesting phases of the depression years is the record of what Americans thought they were thinking about their plight and the consequent proposals for recovery and reform. Evidence comes largely, though not exclusively, from public opinion polls, especially those conducted by a young Iowan named George Gallup and an experienced marketing consultant, Elmo Roper. Mr. Wecter's use of such attempts to gauge popular attitudes is often disconcerting, since he can make little allowance either for sudden shifts in sentiment or even for longer term changes in trend. The reader may well decide that the most important fact about the opinion poll is its inability to measure the intensity and durability of any opinion of the moment.

Social historians usually lose the individual in the mass. Not so Mr. Wecter. Despite the broad scope of his descriptions and the need for generalization in his appraisal of trends in painting and architecture, in music and the drama, in science and theology, in literature and teaching, he manages to fill his pages with vivid personal vignettes: General Hugh Johnson, blustering to conceal his doubts and ruling NRA with a "velvet hand in an iron glove"; blue-eyed William H. Woodin, "dispensing puns and whimsy, while he steered the nation's 18,000 banks"; bumptious Huey Long, ruthlessly destroying democratic methods in Louisiana as he confidently prepared for the Presidency; gaunt Dr. Francis Townsend, easily resolving the problems of monetary theory and crusading for Old Age Revolving Pensions, Limited; and "the perpetually angry" Westbrook Pegler, one among many columnists striving to "clarify the thickening complexity of the news and pierce the dark shadows of the future."

Though this edition of Mr. Wecter's book carries no indication of the fact, it will become the concluding volume in the History of American Life, a series planned almost a quarter of a century ago and edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and the late Dixon Ryan Fox. It deserves a high place, not only in that series but in the entire literature of American history.

Northern Complacency Punctured

THE NEGRO GHETTO. By Robert C. Weaver. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 404 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THIS book is itself a social phenomenon. It is the sort of thing that could only have happened in times like ours when old complacencies are passing away and a world of new convictions is a-coming. The book dares to hold up a mirror to the North. Mirrors held up to the South have been in fashion among liberal thinkers; but for the most part the North has been permitted to see itself as racially sound. The image of the Civil War days has lingered on—of the North as the friend and emancipator of the colored man.

"The Negro Ghetto" makes short shrift of that image. The North, that helped to free the slave, has, through its realtors and home-owners, proceeded to re-enslave him. The whole thing has been terrifyingly natural. White people who owned property, or who bought and sold property, came quickly to realize that having colored people as neighbors depreciated property values. After that, there was only one thing to do: property takes precedence over people; Negroes had to be kept out.

It is a simple, ugly, and apparently hopeless story, told with the passion of unimpassioned maps and figures. Indeed, it is so simple a story that it seems to leave us helpless to do anything. Here in plain array are the facts: kind-hearted and generous as Northern whites might wish to be to their Negro fellowmen, they had to protect their property values. However much they would have liked to open their neighborhoods to Negroes, they could not do this without losing money. Money must not be lost.

But Dr. Weaver, executive director of the Mayor's Committee on Race Relations in Chicago, and the man who prepared the notable socio-economic brief that helped to win the Supreme Court decision against racial covenants, does not leave the story in its simple hopelessness. He shows how it is not the coming of the Negro that depreciates property values but rather what property owners do to their property when they rent or sell to Negroes. The story of high sales prices and high rents that force Negroes to share occupancy; of houses divided and subdivided so that more tenants can be crowded in and more rents gathered for the owners; of urban densities so great that streets, parks, playgrounds, and houses are turned into slums—this is the story of ownership-venality. It is the story of white people creating sub-standard conditions and then blaming the sub-standardized victims. Time and again whites have used this device of face-saving: forcing the Negro into subhuman ways of life, then pointing the finger, and saying: "See, we told you so!"

Dr. Weaver makes short shrift of another Northern complacency. Many liberals in the North have welcomed city-planning projects that have made provisions for Negro public housing. But these projects, in many cases, have been simply a covering for the introduction of Negro segregation in the North and a displacing of Negroes from desirable sections of cities.

The most notable part of this book, however, is not so much the exposure of the evils of unacknowledged segregation in our Northern cities, as the development of a new concept of housing that promises to solve an interracial housing problem that has literally seemed to be insoluble. After more than 300 pages that leave us accurately informed but pretty hopeless, Dr. Weaver presents a chapter entitled "Occupancy Standards" I dare say it will be a revelation to most readers.

> Occupancy standards specifically bar excessive roomers, commit owners and occupants to observe and assist in the enforcement of all ordinances and codes covering property in the community, pledge observance of neighborhood standards of maintenance, discourage departures from established architectural design, and provide for participation in neighborhood associations for the preservation of community standards. These agreements are equally applicable to new subdivisions as well as to established neighborhoods. They offer more real protection to owners than undemocratic restrictions based on race, at the same time that they afford a basis for real understanding and cooperation between white and colored residents.

I venture to say that the term "occupancy standards" will find its way increasingly into the language of interracial housing. It is Dr. Weaver's most significant contribution in an area where his contributions have already been many.

H. A. Overstreet, New York City College professor emeritus and race relations authority, is author of "Our Free Minds."

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"As the Nation Goes..."

HOW TO PREDICT ELECTIONS. By Louis H. Bean. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

A GUIDE TO PUBLIC OPINION POLLS. By George Gallup. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 117 *pp.* $2.50.

THE GALLUP POLITICAL ALMANAC FOR 1948. *Princeton: American Institute of Public Opinion.* 1948. 290 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THESE books will all have their uses around the library this season—the Gallup jobs for ready reference and a clearer, if propagandistically presented, understanding of the nation's most widely-known polling system; Mr. Bean's work as a more enlightening, if still limited, guide to your own political guessings.

Dr. Gallup's "A Guide to Public Opinion Polls" is an up-to-date reissue of a 1944 book with a little material added, but not much. It asks lots of questions about how Gallup polls are taken and how good they are—some of them ostensibly critical questions. Then it gives the right public-relations answers, most of them convincing or at least plausible.

You really can, apparently, get impressively accurate counts of "trends" on most public issues by sampling a few thousand, or in some cases only a few hundred, individuals provided they are picked from the right regions and the right social, economic, and sometimes religious groups.

Of course, when Dr. Gallup insists that the country will not "suffer" because of its leaders paying undue attention to polls, the ground feels a trifle slippery. "A true statesman will never change his ideals or his principles to make them conform to the opinions of any group, be it large or small," the pollster moralizes. "Rather, such a leader will try to persuade the public to accept his views and his goals."

This would be more convincing, perhaps, if the Gallup polls registered more public preferences for statesmen who were that "true."

"The Gallup Political Almanac for 1948" is a convenient catch-all of election information and statistics, mainly for 1944 and 1946, from county-size on up. Much of the same material can be found in the "World Almanac" or the official Congressional Directory, and more in a number of standard text books on American election procedures. But having them so conveniently together in one place may be worth $4.50 to many a citizen who, after the highball, will want to produce "the facts" to settle this year's upcoming political arguments.

This reviewer considers the almanac's most interesting "fact" the Gallup Poll discovery that, as of October 1944, thirty-three per cent of the voters sampled could not name the GOP Vice-Presidential candidate, and thirty-eight per cent could not identify his Democratic opposite number, whose name, if you remember, was Harry S. Truman.

Taken together, the Gallup books represent an interesting free-enterprise effort to get the public to pay for what are essentially advertisements for an undoubtedly important commercial news service.

Mr. Bean's "How to Predict Elections" is a horse of another color. Its author, now economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture, is a rare statistician who not only can think a path through complicated charts and figures, but can write about them with liveliness, some humor, and occasional gusto.

Hence, he plays some interesting word-and-numbers games with the old wise-saw—"as Maine goes, so goes the nation." It's still good, Mr. Bean maintains—provided you don't take it to mean that whichever major party carries Maine will win nationally.

What more accurately happens is, that if the Democratic vote in Maine's September elections is larger than normal, it usually means a larger than normal national Democratic vote—often a national Democratic victory if Maine's Democrats are strong enough to give the local GOP a real fight.

Then Mr. Bean turns this calculating device around into a perhaps even wiser saw: that, "as the nation goes," so go Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Colorado, California, and most of the pivotal or non-pivotal states. In other words, if 1948 is going to be a GOP year, the GOP vote in most states—barring the deeper South commonwealths—will be larger than usual, even though the Democrats, where their strength is greatest, may still carry some of them.

You have, too, to estimate the effect of economic conditions, good or bad, on the fortunes of parties in campaign years, and the registry of political apathy on results, Mr. Bean declares. The citizens who don't bother to vote may, as in a year like 1946, swing an election, he contends, as effectively as Jim Farley's political oomph and much door-bell-ringing may have increased the size of a majority, as in 1932 or 1936. Third parties have their effects on the major party vote balances, it is admitted, but Mr. Bean is inclined to think it is often overrated.

What his book boils down to is, that if you will study your historical political trends in USA, get a few outstanding past election figures in your head, use your common sense, and curb your wishfulness to see Truman carry Posey County, Indiana, you will be about as good a predictor of—or guesser on—elections as the next fellow. "In a political whirlpool like that of early 1948," Mr. Bean insists, predicting is "obviously hazardous" even if "the boldest crystal-gazer" tries it.

"Quick, get this smoke-filled! There's a committee meeting in ten minutes!"

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Fiction. *There is little evidence in the fiction published early this summer that the public prefers light romances in hot weather. Two of the books reviewed this week, Simone de Beauvoir's existentialist novel of the fall of France and the courageous Resistance movement, and Robert Van Gelder's "Important People," a revelation of the purposeless activities of intellectual New Yorkers, would have been cold-weather reading a generation ago. A comparison between "The Blood of Others" and "Important People" is interesting, for the French novel is founded on a rigid philosophy of life — man as free agent — and the American is a satirical attack on aimlessness and confusion.*

Godless Pilgrim's Progress

IMPORTANT PEOPLE. By Robert Van Gelder. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

ROBERT VAN GELDER has looked on the modern sophisticated scene and found it vital, hard, vulgar, at moments mean, a little desperate, wistful, grasping, and fiercely charged with the jungle instincts that lie just below its slick surfaces of chromium and plastic. He sees a world almost untouched by the benign influence of spiritual values.

In "Important People" he has gathered together a record of all these impressions and put them into a novel that is clamorously contemporary. He has called his story a satire. There are strong touches of satire in the first and last chapters where are depicted the denizens which inhabit the cocktail parties of a fashionable New York hostess. But the rest of the book seems rather to report than to reflect the ridicule that by definition satire contains.

In the front of the volume is the conventional notice (for libel protection) "that the characters, the location, and the incidents in this book are entirely of the author's imagination." And of course the author writes with a novelist's license as he should; but the majority of his characters do not seem to spring full-blown from the writer's brain and to possess him. Rather he appears to be describing people he has known and hardly approved of. But no small part of the appeal of the novel lies in giving the impression that through fiction its author can reveal important people who exist in a way he could never do otherwise.

If there is exaggeration in the story, it comes from the number of violently unpleasant incidents that are crowded together between the covers of a single volume. Van Gelder is intent upon keeping your attention with strong colors and arresting action, and for this reader he succeeds.

The story grows around one Dixon West, just returned from combat in the Pacific. Dixon is a physically magnetic young man with a keen mind and an integrity of purpose. He is the grandson of a fabulously rich and successful publisher, an isolationist who molds public opinion in his magazines. Dixon comes home to face the problems of taking over this empire, and "Important People" tells what happened to him and his thinking in the first weeks of his return to civil life.

He makes the reacquaintance of his playboy father, his invalid mother, and his driving grandsire. He finds a not-too-satisfactory wife in the woman he has long dreamed of who is now a brittle, nostalgic war widow. He meets the chief editors of the magazine *Cover,* and he becomes involved in a couple of near riots in Harlem as a result of the back wheel of his car —all unknown to him—breaking the body of a child. One of the editors of *Cover* has a daughter and one of Dixon's elegant cousins has a son. Through these two, we are given a thoroughly disillusioning picture of the privileged teen-age generation, and thrown in is what might happen when a white girl has a crush on a Negro athlete in her class at school. Dixon is a sort of Christian going forward in a present-day Godless Pilgrim's Progress. Everyone seems to be living an unsatisfactory life and when the young hero finally goes to see the new headmaster of his old school, Dale Davenport, whom he has always considered a pillar of strength and wisdom, the encounter leaves as bitter a taste as anything in the book.

In life, such people as these, without religion, turn to wit and the wisecrack for the release from their tensions. Van Gelder has divertingly captured this amusing surface glitter of the world he is depicting. And he has been exceptionally skilful in reproducing the conversation through which a large part of the story is told. Even when his characters use approximately the same language, he has subtly suggested the different rhythms of the different people who are speaking. The editor, Boykin, for instance, and his wife have a flavor of speech that could never be confused with the West family talking among themselves. It is perhaps in this sensitive ear for contemporary talk that the writing of "Important People" is most distinguished.

"Robert Van Gelder has looked on the modern sophisticated scene and found it vital, hard, vulgar."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 265

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 265 *will be found in the next issue.*

LBO KCATCGTO GRT

GPHDKCL EPSRKCT. K BCHF

KCATCGTO GRT VKQYG BCT

GRPG SPC XT YRNG BVV.

GRBEPY TOKYBC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 264

A jealous person is one who debases himself in the vain and ignoble effort to discredit others.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

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Mouthing Basic Existentialism

THE BLOOD OF OTHERS. By Simone de Beauvoir. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 292 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THE austere, clear-cut prose of Simone de Beauvoir's "The Blood of Others" reads like a catechism by a novice whose purity and singlemindedness leave no room for boudoir dalliance or sundry high jinks. Less diffuse, if less sensational, than Sartre, Mme. de Beauvoir reveals herself to be "la plus Existentialiste des Existentialistes."

In Sartre's novels there is far more irony, since he deals with characters who have yet to become existentialists; and because he would like to show us how they founder in their own rationalizations, he allows them to talk on and on, revealing how they have lost the will to act as a result of an excess of principles. Simone de Beauvoir's characters are practising existentialists, literally mouthpieces for the basic tenets of the philosophy. It would seem that she has succeeded where Sartre has failed. She violates some of our conceptions of good narrative writing, true; but she has written the real thesis novel in an economical, sometimes flat style which conceals a remarkably sustained note of suspense and mounting excitement due to the sheer vitality and force of her ideas. This is perhaps the way a novel of ideas should be presented, not loosely sprawling all over the place, trying to appeal to three or four levels at the same time.

Of course what we seem to forget in comparing Simone de Beauvoir to Sartre is that each one, aside from having his or her own distinctive method of approach to the existential doctrine is, in this specific instance, writing about two different periods in the political and social life of France. Sartre writes of France in 1938, when the most humane, well-intentioned Frenchman was locked in a paralytic vise of indecision, and artist and artisan wished to shift his own responsibility to his neighbor, or actually do nothing about opposing Hitler or aiding the Spanish loyalists for fear of becoming himself involved in danger. Mme. de Beauvoir's novel deals with the tense days before the fall of France, and the period of trial and error and final glorified action that followed with the Resistance. It illustrates vividly and in a most succinct fashion that existentialism is not a philosophy of complete despair but a philosophical movement which, in mirroring shattered postwar Europe, is in continual development and consequently apt to be at times contradictory in principle.

At the heart of existentialist thought is the concept of man at liberty, man responsible for his own acts, with no deterministic values or excuses for his existence, free to create himself and his own values as he wills. Yet one is forced to doubt the ultimate achievement of this liberty, since if the existentialists insist on total responsibility they also urge total involvement.

In this novel of the French Resistance we get a grim but somehow heroic picture of the existential philosophy inspiring men and women to positive action. The people in the book represent intellectuals of the Parisian working class as well as the bourgeoisie; and though one feels they are a sturdier, more partisan group altogether than Sartre's muddled esthetes, students, teachers, prostitutes, pederasts, taxi drivers, Communists, barmen, and bums, one recognizes sisters and brothers under the skin. We ask ourselves if these people, joined together in the underground, living together briefly or meeting death before a Nazi firing squad, but at least existing, even acting with a purpose for the first time, are not the desperate playmates in Sartre's bizarre gallery now grown up according to existentialist standards?

"The Blood of Others" may be read as a love story of our day by those who are not particularly interested in its philosophical message. But even here existentialism shapes the destiny of Mme. de Beauvoir's tragic lovers; so much so that we begin to feel that love is an obstacle to extentialist aims. Jean and Hélène certainly have a wretched time of it from the start. Their tortured love affair is never quite resolved. On one hand we have Hélène forever in pursuit of her quarry, whether it be a bicycle she has set her heart on and sends her lover to steal, or a husband, or death in the shape of Nazi steel in her lung. On the other there is Jean, pursued by the Erinyes of his bourgeois conscience, the rationalizations of a proper middle-class upbringing, and the bourgeois luxury and burden of a wife in Hélène. The more persevering reader is sure to be curious to know the outcome of this merry chase. And Mme. de Beauvoir, anticipating just that, decides that death will solve all; if not for both lovers, then for our lovely heroine—but not before she has joined the underground movement and has reaped the double reward of knowing that dying is a positive action both against Fascism, and against a world that would be intolerable without Jean, who has cast her aside. Everything to this point seems to follow the cold, uncompromising party line of existentialism. It is then we discover to our great amazement that Mme. de Beauvoir's heart has melted and she believes that the death of a beautiful woman is every bit the artistic production Poe claimed it was. Not only that, but Jean has terrible pangs of remorse, and it looks as though Hélène may live to be reconciled with her conscience-stricken lover. But we may rest assured that Mme. de Beauvoir regains her balance and Hélène expires, an existentialist to the last. Only Jean knows what her death means. He knows that he is responsible for it, just as he is responsible for the others in the Resistance who risk death at his bidding. There will always be that sense of guilt casting a shadow over his very will to act—"the blood of others" has been shed for him. But Jean, the existentialist, can at least gain some comfort in the knowledge that the guilt of the war lies as much with "sparing blood as in sharing it." The existentialist who is aware of the unity of all life can come up with that still more ironic reminder: "Other people's blood is the same as one's own."

Here, then, is the doctrinaire novel which Sartre has never succeeded in giving us. Indeed, it is quite likely that "The Blood of Others" is the fictional primer on existentialism we have all been anxiously awaiting. Certainly a great many more readers are going to have a clearer picture of existentialism in action than ever before.

—*Press Association, Inc.*

To Simone de Beauvoir "the death of a beautiful woman is every bit the artistic production Poe claimed it was."

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Rimbaud: From Poet to Gun-Runner

SAVAGE PRODIGAL. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Beechhurst Press. 1948. 255 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

MR. BERCOVICI has here attempted to write a biographical novel about Arthur Rimbaud, and for this he should at least be credited with courage, although folly is perhaps the more precise word. The biographical novel is at best an unsatisfactory form. It is neither fish nor fowl; the better it is as biography the poorer it is likely to be as fiction, and vice versa. When, on top of this, an author chooses as his hero the most enigmatic figure in the entire span of modern literature, things are apt to get rather complicated.

As Enid Starkie says in her authoritative and brilliant biography of the French poet:

> All those who study Rimbaud soon reach a gulf of mystery which their inspiration and intuition seem unable to bridge. There are two major problems: firstly, can a correct picture of the poet be painted from the incalculable contradictions and complexities with which the critic is confronted, a picture which will make him recognizable as a human being and not merely a collection of abstractions loosely strung together? And, secondly, can a satisfactory explanation be found for his abandonment of literature at the height of his power, when he was not yet twenty?

According to the French critic Jean Cassou, to attempt to reconcile all the contradictions in Rimbaud and to fuse them into a coherent whole is profitless, and so perhaps Mr. Bercovici can be excused for not even trying. As a matter of fact, he has not satisfactorily presented, much less solved, either of the two major problems stated by Dr. Starkie. His Rimbaud emerges from "Savage Prodigal" neither as a realizable poet nor as a realizable man, but as a kind of monster who somehow managed to write some remarkable poems in the first half of his life, and then, in the second half, became a hard-driving businessman operating in Abyssinia and on the Somali coast. In this latter connection, incidentally, the author describes at some length Rimbaud's gun-running activities, but fails to mention that he was also implicated in the traffic of slaves.

Since Mr. Bercovici does not trouble to name the source of any of his material, it is difficult to know just where he got some of his information about the poet's life. Thus, to take only one instance—although this one instance was probably the most significant event in Rimbaud's early life ——there was the matter of his first initiation into sex. The point is not that Dr. Starkie places this event in Paris at the time of the Commune, when the poet was sixteen and "still looked like a girl, with his small stature, his fresh complexion, and his reddish-gold wavy hair," whereas Mr. Bercovici places it in Charleville after Rimbaud's return from Paris. The point is that it was a disastrous experience, "the source of his later maladjustment and distress," and that after it "he was never the same again." But Mr. Bercovici pictures the whole thing as a kind of youthful Casanova episode with the tobacconist's daughter, with no particular relevance to his subsequent development as a poet or as a man.

Mr. Bercovici apparently has no use for subtlety or shading. It is true that Rimbaud had a streak of sadism in him and that, in his calamitous affair with Paul Verlaine, he was often cruel the way a man might be with a woman who is still infatuated with him but whom he no longer loves and wants to be rid of. Yet there was also an enormous tenderness and gentleness in Rimbaud, elements quite omitted from the present portrait. The demon and the angel in him were evenly matched, too evenly for the peace of his soul.

But my chief objection to "Savage Prodigal" is that it helps us in no way to understand Rimbaud's genius. Rimbaud was no child wonder; he was a highly conscious artist and it is necessary to understand his studies in occult philosophy, magic, and the Cabala, his Faustian struggle to penetrate to the heart of the mystery, his esthetic doctrine, his disgust with his own achievements, if we are to comprehend what was going on inside him.

The best things in Mr. Bercovici's book are those he has Rimbaud say. Since most of these are culled from the poet's own writings, they have a toughness and vigor and vividness of imagery that are always refreshing.

Two Ladies of the Theatre

MADEMOISELLE LAVALLIERE. By Edward F. Murphy. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 273 *pp.* $3.

MIRABELLE. By Ellen Caren. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. 1948. 283 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THAT Mary Magdelene, patroness of weak and penitent women, loses none of her legendary appeal in modern dress is amply proven by Father Murphy's fictionalized biography "Madamoiselle Lavalliere." The well-known popular Catholic author of "The Scarlet Lily" has quite obviously lost his heart to his heroine, and, basing his book on several studies of her life in French and English, has given us a loving record of this great French actress who turned aside from worldly success to search for peace in the service of God.

Eugenie Pascaline Feneglio's life began in the slums of Toulon, where the thin, half-starving child with big, expressive eyes tried to keep out of the way of her drunken, unpredictable parents, the calm face of the loving nun who instructed her for her first communion the only benign memory she was to carry out of her childhood. When the nun died suddenly little Eugenie bitterly turned her face from God, telling herself that she hated Him. The family moved to Perpignan and even worse degradation; when suicide and murder made Eugenie an orphan and sent her brother off into the underworld on whose fringes he had always lived and from which he was never to emerge again, she still clung fiercely to her own belief in herself and her ability to get on without the help of the Heavenly Father she denied.

Eugenie was tough, gifted, and after a few years of work in a Perpignan dressmaking establishment managed to get herself to Paris, by not entirely circumspect means. Here she eventually had her chance to break into the theatre, which had been her goal ever since she could remember. Once begun her rise was spectacular. There followed years of the obvious life of a sought-after Parisian actress, professional ups and downs, at last an established place at the glittering apex of France's theatrical world, with all its attendant heady notoriety, extravagant spending, casual lovers, and giddy living.

Refusing to recognize that the dissatisfaction which gnawed constantly at her might be connected with spiritual hunger Lavalliere went, shortly after the beginning of the First World War, into the country, with the intention of buying a peaceful, rural retreat. The transaction brought her into contact with a deeply spiritual priest whose simple words "You be-

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long to us, and it's time for you to come home," were to mark the beginning of the second phase of her life. Her passionate and troubled devotion to God, the years when she hoped to be admitted to the Carmelite order (this was refused her), the incredulous reluctance of her public to believe that she had actually foresworn the theatre forever in order to dedicate her life to the Church—if it would have her—all are told with fervor and compassion by her biographer. Although both the Church and the world made her pay, dearly, again and again, for her former sins, she never once wavered in her renunciation.

In telling this tale of the great actress who chose to take her final curtain penniless, in an obscure country cottage, Father Murphy adds to his facility as a writer of popular fiction the deep understanding of a Roman Catholic priest who has for years worked with the underprivileged.

* * *

IN THESE days, when artists are prominently concerned with political propaganda, and actresses work as hard as heads of charitable committees, this novel of an absorbing love affair lived in *vie de bohême* isolation awakens nostalgia for times which are gone forever. Laid in Vienna just at the outbreak of the First World War, "Mirabelle" is the story of an ambitious, emotional, and intense young thing from Paris, who has been discovered by one of Vienna's leading producers and, almost overnight, has become one of the sensational actresses of the season. At a carnival ball she meets Colja Parin, a brilliant Russian sculptor. Strong herself, and demanding strength in others, she instinctively resists the intense attraction which they both feel. Their consuming passion draws them irresistibly together for a few months of happiness. Then comes Mirabelle's slow realization that Colja does not intend ever to rid himself of the beautiful but moronic wife with whom he has not lived for years but who is free to call on him to extricate her from difficulties in which she is constantly plunging herself. Colja in his perverse way actually enjoys the persecution of this incubus. As the affair ends, at Mirabelle's deliberate wish, we realize by implication that the actress, enriched by great passion and the realistic acceptance of the Russian's weakness, has gained an emotional maturity and stature which her art will one day reflect.

The author of this unpretentious but convincing novel played leading

(*Continued on page* 29)

Ideas and Studies.

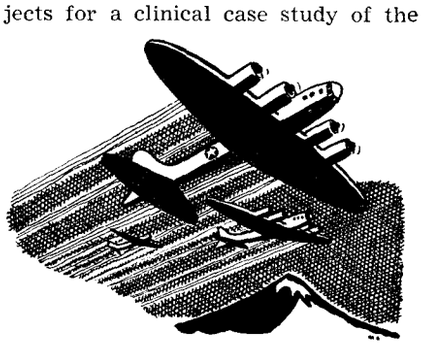
*The modern world is once more hot on the trail of unity in knowledge and certainty in belief—like the Middle Ages and the Reformation, when men died in masses for their faiths. Again the attempt is made to reduce to alternatives: Communism or Fascism, science or religion, rationalism or absolutism; and many who seek unity in the world or history end up in the Anglicanism of a Toynbee, the Catholicism of Father Walsh (whose book is reviewed below), the neo-medievel metaphysics of Weaver's "Ideas Have Consequences" (*SRL *April* 10*). But all is not yet black or white: in du Noüy's bestselling "Human Destiny" Catholicism and science meet; in "The Next Development of Man" the physicist Lancelot Whyte has attempted a synthesis of knowledge, and free spirits like Alfred Cohn, whose book is also reviewed here, can still range widely and without hindrance.*

Crossroads Between Rome and Moscow

TOTAL POWER: A Footnote to History. By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 373 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

EVEN before Hitler vaulted into power, Father Walsh, Regent of Georgetown University's famous School of Foreign Service, had begun to interest himself in the writings of Karl Haushofer, later head pitchman of the Nazi's favorite pseudo-science of geopolitics. In 1945, when it was planned to arraign Haushofer at Nuremberg, Walsh, acting for our army, conducted the preliminary interrogation. Haushofer, who committed suicide before his trial (perhaps because he had seen himself), turned out to be a deflated windbag, a comic, repulsive, and depressing figure. Father Walsh treats the professor fairly, even gently, and makes quite a story about his son, Albrecht, also a geopolitician, who joined the plot against Hitler in 1944 and was bumped off by his former pals. But since the reader has been advised at the outset that geopolitics is only political geography, wrapped up in fancy jargon (that's all it is, of course), it is hard to make out that the Haushofers were either very interesting or very important in themselves. Perhaps that makes them the more appropriate subjects for a clinical case study of the Nazi "intellectual," to serve as a footnote to history.



A footnote to history is what Father Walsh modestly calls this book. But the footnote has turned into a rambling commentary focused not on the "Nazi interlude," but on the present international crisis. It goes from a diagnosis of the Nazi state to an examination of the whole trend of modern history, asking, with dignified circumlocution: "How did we get ourselves into this mess: And how do we get out of it?" Father Walsh has an explicit answer to the first question, a suggested answer to the second.

We got into this mess because Western civilization has been descending for a long time to progressively lower spiritual levels, dragged down by the forces of skepticism, naturalism, rationalism, and humanism. Our corrupters include, beside those familiar villains Hegel, Nietzsche, Darwin, and Marx, an oddly assorted lot: Luther and Descartes, Machiavelli and Roger (*sic*) Bacon, Immanuel Kant and Condorcet, the experimental scientists, and "a certain type of professor" recently seen scurrying about Washington, "each with a dictator's baton hidden in his brief case," carrying on a sinister campaign to undermine our innocent faith in the Constitution, revealed religion, and the capitalist system. Naturally with such leaders, we have created a godless, "despiritualized" culture, replete with jazz music, radio, radical economists, the offensively steatopygous sculpture of Rodin and Epstein, the painting of the "dadaists, the Surrealists, the Futurists and the Impressionists" (*sic*), and other things that Father Walsh dislikes. Hitler and World War II were only a way station on our downward path. Now we are at the crossroads.

We must choose: on the one hand, "the principle of authority, religion,

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and the democratic ideal" (surely a triad that would have startled Count Metternich and Mr. Jefferson about equally); on the other, "atheistical materialistic Communism"; in a word (if Father Walsh ever put anything so bluntly): Rome or Moscow. Having chosen, our duty is to assume "the spiritual leadership of the world." What happens next is not said, though the discussion shifts abruptly from spiritual leadership to the range of B-29s, the advantages of Arctic bases, and the chances that this time the Germans and the Japanese may be on our side.

If this were just an isolated voice, it might not merit attention, but a lot of people are beginning to talk more or less this way. The retreat from the wavering banners of reason towards some supernatural absolute, mystical or authoritarian, threatens, these days, to become a rout. Seldom does anyone suggest that Hitler and Mussolini were scarcely notable rationalists, or that to blame the pursuit of natural knowledge for our present predicament is to imitate the dull schoolboy who repudiates geometry because he can't work out the problem. And few people seem to remember that exactly this same false dichotomy, "take us, or you will get Communism," now advanced by apprentice swamis and apprentice inquisitors, was until recently, the strongest shield of the big dictators, as it remains the shelter of the little ones. Eventually enough people will realize that we are not obliged to choose between just two arbitrarily selected alternatives. But it's going to be very tiresome, and not a little dangerous, if we have to go through all that folderol again.

Mixed Bag of Papers on Life

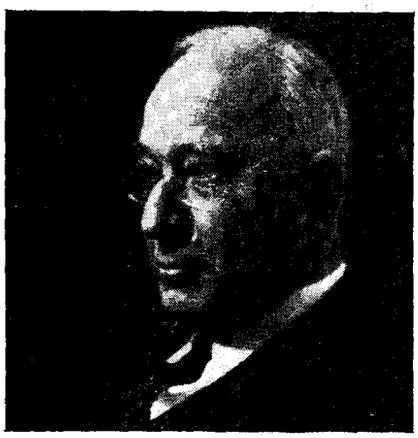
NO RETREAT FROM REASON. By Alfred E. Cohn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 279 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a mixed bag of papers, varying in character and value, written on various occasions, and interesting in different degrees to the general reader. A number of them, now "much rewritten and modernized," were included in the author's "Medicine, Science and Art: Studies in Interrelations" (1931).

Dr. Cohn is a master of special knowledge, and long a famous practitioner in a special field, whose view of life is wide: he is one of those scientists who, while realizing that the universality of a Leonardo is no longer possible, still make a brave stand against the compartmentation of knowledge which is threatening to reduce our learned men to the state of inhabiting numberless individual cells, each brightly lighted for the few within, but dark with mystery to the many who stand outside. The essays which compose the present volume fairly indicate, if they do not comprehend, the range of Dr. Cohn's interests and competence.

In his first paper he examines the contribution of psychoanalysis to medicine, while in his last he seeks to identify and explain the strands that have gone into the making of the complex human "skein" known to the world as Dr. Alfred Cohn, member emeritus of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Two memoirs pay tribute to distinguished fellow workers: Dr. Simon Flexner (1863-1946), whose name will always remain twinned with that of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. John Wyckoff (1881-1937), guiding spirit of the Bellevue Hospital Cardiac Clinic and the New York and American heart associations. In one essay the author lectures the laity on the nature and significance of medical research; in another he traces the parallel histories of rational medicine and what he calls "temple" medicine ever coexistent—from Egypt, through Greece and Rome, down to our own day, with emphasis on the vast retreat from reason which marked the Middle Ages.



Alfred E. Cohn: "The history of our kind is checkered and moves on quicksand."

"The Development of the Harveian Circulation" is a lucid exposition of Harvey's success, and his debt to his forerunners, in solving "the outstanding physiological problem of the classical world," which came to England by way of Alexandria, Pergamum, Paris, and Padua. Two related papers deal with "The Influence of Modern Science on Painting and Sculpture" and "The Difference Between Art and Science in Their Relation to Nature." There is a brief but cogent argument against the forced retirement of able men from important positions, just when they have reached the peak of their usefulness, and the title-essay is an eloquent defense of the position which the title itself announces.

If Dr. Cohn best displays the characteristic bent of his intelligence when he is seeking to understand the interrelationships of various phases of human activity—when, for example, he is examining the effect of scientific advances upon the artist's way of "seeing" his subject or when, in analyzing the differences between art and science, he is led to the recognition of certain unexpected likenesses; if it is true that these investigations, shared with his reader, best exhibit the technique of his approach to the unity of life, it is equally true that he best shows the temper of his faith when he defends rationality against irrationality, when he raises his voice against those who would advocate a retreat from reason on the fronts of both political and natural science.

> We are told democracy is facing failure (1) partly because we cannot control the results of the operation of science, and (2) partly because in the march of economic organization we lack the insight and the power to master our destiny. Being man made in its building, no doubt we can unmake what has been so elaborately constructed.
>
> But why? There is general agreement that what has been achieved has not been equaled either in the standard of general living, in the opportunity for further development, or in the degree, obviously not yet superlative, of satisfactoriness in our intellectual and spiritual lives. How if, in our democratic faith, the method of reason has had this measure of constructive achievement to its credit, can the conclusion be drawn that reason is bankrupt? Study, deep study, is on the march. . . . Better management will come, not with applying less reason but with the exercise of more. . . .

No one believes more firmly than Dr. Cohn that a retreat from reason would mean the loss of our civilization, but he is also capable of long views, and at the close of his history of rational and temple medicine he writes: "Our successors may, of course, reverse our estimates. The history of our kind is checkered and moves on quicksand."

Dr. Cohn is a most stimulating intellectual companion. And it should be added that one of his attractions is his happy gift of illustrative and substantiating quotation.

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Harmonizing Politics with Economics

FARMING AND DEMOCRACY. By A. Whitney Griswold. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 227 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR P. CHEW

FARMING in democratic Britain inherits a landlord system from feudalism, just as farming does in many parts of Europe and in Latin America. In democratic France the little farm prevails, usually peasant-owned, but usually so small as to seem scarcely big enough for a rabbit. Exactly similar fragmentation, strip farming, and petty agriculture prevail throughout certain dictator-ruled communities. Agriculture in the United States is predominantly of the family type, with farms intermediate in size between those of the landlord countries and those of the peasant-proprietor countries. It is efficient, highly mechanized, and fully capable of standing up against corporation farming. Yet in one respect it resembles agriculture in many thoroughly non-democratic countries; namely, in its dependence on the Government. In brief, the democracies shelter various forms of agriculture, apparently without risk to the democratic principle.

Nevertheless, Mr. Griswold, in "Farming and Democracy," appears to believe that farming is an influence for democracy only if it is free-enterprise farming. He implies that it loses its democratic character and influence when it accepts government supervision for the sake of government subsidies. In short, his criterion of democracy is an economic criterion. He has written an informative, interesting, and significant book, the value of which does not depend on the merit of his debatable thesis. With ample documentation about Britain, France, and the United States, he shows that agriculture can take different courses and develop different patterns under quite similar political conditions. He finds in consequence that Jefferson was quite wrong in regarding democracy as primarily an agrarian phenomenon. It is of course well known that Jefferson himself admitted that. Anxious originally to keep the United States mainly agricultural, Jefferson ultimately welcomed manufacturing, without which he saw the country would lack defenses, and as a result might lose its freedom. In other words, Jefferson realized that with agriculture as its sole support democracy could collapse.

—*Samuel Kravitt.*

"A. Whitney Griswold misreads the lesson of his own research."

Actually, as Mr. Griswold describes with a wealth of detail, democracy became increasingly urban in the United States, as well as in Great Britain and France. It was soon evident to everyone that farming and democracy stood in no causal relationship to each other. Thus in Great Britain democracy throve in magnitude and with small farming in decline. On the other hand, democracy survived and developed in France with agriculture in a constant parceling process that ruined its efficiency. In the United States the population became rapidly more and more urban and agriculture increasingly less influential in the national councils. Moreover, democracy prospered in the United States during the most recent phase in the evolution of the agricultural system—the phase that changed free enterprise into government regulation. It seemed that the springs of democracy increasingly were elsewhere than on the farm.

In line with his assumption that the essence of democracy is free enterprise, Mr. Griswold asks what agriculture needs. He says the requirement is full production and full employment throughout the economy. On that basis agriculture can turn some labor over to the cities, do a better job on fewer but larger farms, and have a bigger market. Then it will not have to cut its production or depend on subsidies. That is the formula for America. In Britain there would have to be some further division of the great estates and in France some further farm consolidation. In all the democracies, agriculture would have to depend more on itself and less on the government. The trouble with this formula for democracy is that it makes economic utopia necessary. But democracy must work in adversity as well. To say it can endure only in a setting of full production and full employment is practically to say we cannot dependably have it, at least for the time being.

We do not have the formula for full production and full employment. Moreover, for agriculture these terms actually contradict. Agriculture can fully employ its land and capital only by not fully employing its manpower, of which it has too much. And yet the cities cannot guarantee to absorb agriculture's surplus labor; they have surplus labor problems of their own from time to time. Fortunately, the true criterion of democracy is not economic but political; it stands for the participation of the citizen in *government,* rather than in any particular economic form. We can take comfort in that, because economic forms are in the melting pot. Mr. Griswold misreads the lesson of his own research, which shows the compatibility of democracy with different economic forms. Nevertheless his book deserves wide and careful reading. Packed with information and with significant thought, it goes to the heart of the chief problem of our time—that of harmonizing politics with economics.

Arthur P. Chew, who is a member of the United States Department of Agriculture, has written both official publications and magazine articles of general interest on agriculture, and has a book in press for publication this coming fall.

Perversity Is a Cat

By Ethel Jacobson

YOUR gaze assails me
Inch by inch,
Weighs what it finds,
And does not flinch;
Beyond disdain,
Concern, surprise,
Only ennui
In your eyes.

All right,
I'll ignore you too!
I have work,
Please note, to do . . .
So now you leap
Languidly
Upon my book,
And claw my knee,
And make me—
Slick as anything!—
Scratch a neck
I ought to wring.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Women Are Coming!

UNKNOWN to the majority of women in this country, a steadily mounting feminist campaign is under way for Equal Rights for women under the Constitution. The average man will regard this statement with bewilderment. They have the vote, haven't they? They are omnipresent in almost every business and industry; they are slowly entering professions from which they were formerly rigidly excluded. A quarter of the entire labor force of America is now made up of girls and women. They are supposed to own a good deal more than two-thirds of the wealth of the nation, due to the long habit of men of endowing their wives with an insurance policy, a legacy, and in some cases, with alimony. What more do they want? An occasional apprehensive male looks over his shoulders at an advancing tidal wave of restless and perhaps menacing women and mutters "matriarchy" under his breath.

Nothing would have served the feminist cause better than the attacks that were leveled on the American woman during the last eighteen months. The old form of feminism which won women equal suffrage in England and America was almost inevitably founded on competition with male workers. During the war women flooded into industries and the armed services, were applauded as self-sacrificing heroines. They were startled when the inevitable attempt to send them back where they came from took the form of ridicule or a psychiatric study of their inadequacies and their neuroses in the public press. A book by a well-known woman psychiatrist, "Woman, the Lost Sex," became a best seller and a storehouse of arguments for the anti-feminist crusade. Since most of this literature was both logical and apparently scientifically sound, it was effective in persuading many women to lose confidence in themselves and in what they may have unconsciously conceived as their destiny.

This attack was answered in the end in women's magazines and in innumerable women's clubs. Since it was leveled against the American mother as well as the working woman, it was absurdly contradictory. They couldn't both be dangerous to the American way of life. It became obvious that the working woman was living in a home of some sort that she had created for herself or her family, and there was no room for her back on the farm or in her parents' city apartment. The "career woman" who received the brunt of the assault turned out on reflection to be simply a woman who had succeeded in business. Therefore, ambition and success were supposed to be right for a man, but wrong for a woman. It could be shown that as many men as women were consulting psychiatrists, and that men were more susceptible to stomach ulcers.

The attack failed, but it succeeded in giving a new impetus to the cause of woman's rights and to a growing enthusiasm for the new feminist program that had been quietly taking the place of the old rivalry with the male sex. The goal is now partnership with men in the economic, political, and domestic life of the country. But before this program can become a vital and even resistless force, certain existing legal, economic, or educational inequalities in several states must be done away with one by one, or destroyed in one blow by the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. This amendment could hardly be stated more simply. "Equality under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

Three months ago the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee recommended seven-to-one that the Amendment "do pass," and it may again be a part of the Democratic and Republican platforms. The ladies who besieged the embattled and doubtless embarrassed Senators in April may find out again that this is an election year promise. It is notable that Senator Taft has proposed what was oddly called "The Biological Status Bill," as if women had to fight in defense of their biological functions. This bill was the reverse of the medal. Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, sponsor in the Senate of the Equal Rights Amendment, was the first witness against the Taft proposal that it should be made "the declared policy of the United States to permit in law and its administration distinction on the basis of sex . . . such as are reasonably justified by differences in physical structure, biological, or social function." You do not have to be a feminist to see to what prejudices and discriminations this might lead in the future, since even in an atomic age, women will fortunately remain women.

IT is still true that as women they have little protection under the law, since what rights have been given to them can as easily be taken away by legislative action in the various states. An embittered woman writer has recently said, "The only right that women actually have is not to be lynched for their sex."

Most fair-minded men and women must approve of this fight for equality of opportunity under the Constitution. But when the Equal Rights Amendment has been passed, what will women want next? The answer is simple. They will want politics to be opened to them freely as a career. It is absurd that we should have only seven women, including the widows of former "incumbents" in our House of Representatives, while newly organized states such as India and the nations behind the Iron Curtain have many times that number as legislators, and have women as ministers of government and even as ambassadors. That one of our Representatives who took her husband's place is certain in November to be the second woman ever elected to the Senate merely emphasizes the inadequacy of feminine representation in our Government. This year marks another milestone in this direction. For the first time it has been seriously proposed, then accepted by a likely candidate of one of the major parties, that Mrs. Roosevelt might be acceptable as Vice President of the United States.

To equip themselves to enter politics women must be trained for the rough and tumble of partisan strife from the ground up. They must be present at party meetings, besiege the electorate, and fight their way through town councils and local political appointments to state and national legislatures. They must learn how to think and speak eloquently, though it is to be hoped that they will not practise their speeches at home. If we insist that women are not people but only a biologically and legally differentiated sex, let us take the consequences when they vote as women. A matriarchy? There might at least be fewer wars.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Comics—Aha!

SIR: Congratulations to *SRL* on the arresting article on the comics by Dr. Wertham [May 29]. It is heartening to find such an authoritative, forthright presentation of the evils of this American menace in a journal which reaches a public like that of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The conscience of Chicago and some other cities is obviously aroused and Dr. Wertham's paper ably supports their stand.

Children's librarians have long craved such an influential antagonist to join battle against this great threat to childhood.

ALICE M. JORDAN.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Dr. Wertham's article leads to a dangerous oversimplification of the problems affecting our youngsters. One would believe that it is only necessary to ban publication of comic books to drive the index of juvenile delinquency down to zero.

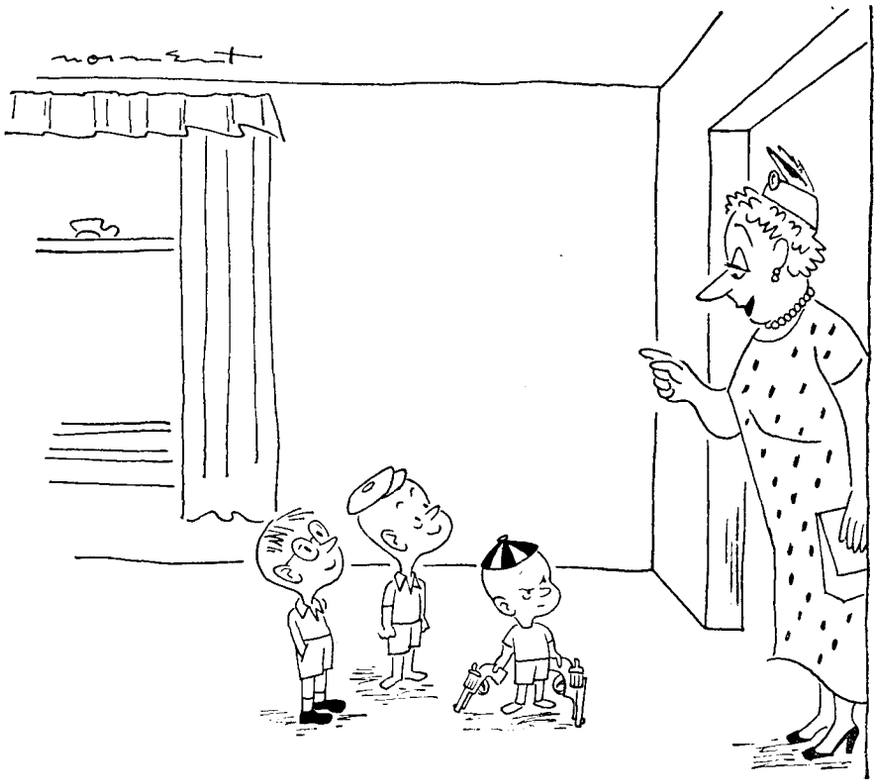
Unfortunately, the matter is not this simple. Other influences, at least equally baneful, press upon the growing child. Even if bad examples alone were the cause, Dr. Wertham would be forced to widen his area to include movies, radio programs, newspapers, magazines, and all other actually and potentially harmful contacts. Mother Goose, many ancient fairy tales, and even sections of the Old Testament would join the list.

It is ridiculous to ascribe to comic books alone the rise in juvenile delinquency. The key to the problem is found in the infancy of the patient, his behavior during childhood, his traumas and frustrations, his parental and sibling relationships, his neighborhood environment. It is found in the economic and social status of the family, the presence or absence of love, the presence or absence of healthy superego-building influences. And over all, in our generation, there is the tension of the times which seeps into the life of every child, rich and poor, to make for insecurity. Suffering from fresh memories of the last war and terrified by the prospects of another, our contemporary adult world is hardly a laudable example for youth to imitate. The major responsibility for juvenile delinquency must be placed on the broad foundations of national and worldwide insecurity and on the fears this insecurity breeds, and not on the one narrow influence of comic books. Plainly, if no more comic books were published, these other pressures, felt by every predisposed child with every breath he draws, would continue the round of juvenile anti-social behavior. Other and equally vicious escapes and provocations would emerge quickly to take their place.

My objection to Dr. Wertham's thesis has nothing to do with comic books as comic books. I ask only, why single them out? I see comic books as one of many symptoms of our times, as one manifestation of a national neurosis which the young do not suffer alone. The problem goes much deeper than Dr. Wertham states, and until we see juvenile delinquency as a great social disease with roots reaching deeply into our economic and cultural patterns, we shut our eyes to complete comprehension and solutions.

HARRY SCHNEIDERMAN.

Chicago, Ill.



"Butch, I'm depending on you and Killer to see that Two-Gun Johnny doesn't get into a jam with the law while I'm out—he's still a punk, you know."

SIR: I am the editor of a syndicate which produces more than 100 comic pages and strips every week. We edit them carefully. Indeed, it is my opinion that comics are more carefully edited than any other form of publication. Our syndicate employs six editors whose only job is to police the comics. On top of that, the comics have more than 1,500 other editors in this country—the publishers of the papers that buy them; each of them is alert to see that the comics in his paper do not offend readers. These are facts usually overlooked by the Werthams, who indiscriminately attack "comics" and make no distinction between newspaper comics and those few comic books which are indefensible. And still we have a problem.

Among the comics under my supervision is a weekly page—"Dick's Adventures." It tries to present, through the dreams of a normal American boy, authentic scenes in American history. We have done the discovery of America, the story of the Pilgrims, and we are currently presenting the story of the Jamestown Colony. Our historical comics have been running for more than a year in every big city in the country and in many they are used in the public schools for classroom instruction.

But now we are disturbed by "experts" who declare there should be "no violence" in the comics. So in the story of the Jamestown Colony we reach the point where Captain John Smith is about to be killed by Chief Powhatan and is saved from the descending war club by Pocahontas. The incident is certainly violent yet, to us, it seems vital.

As we go along with "Dick's Adventures," we will run into other incidents: (1) The Battle of Bunker Hill with its bloodcurdling cry, "Don't shoot, men, until you see the whites of their eyes!" (2) The execution of Nathan Hale and the hanging of Major Andre. (3) The defense of the Alamo, including Santa Anna's butchery of the defenders. (4) The scalping of General Custer and company at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. (5) The assassination of Abraham Lincoln; and eventually, of course, we will be confronted by the Death March at Bataan, the torture of American flyers in Japanese prisons, Doolittle's Tokyo Raid, and the destruction of Hiroshima by the atomic bomb.

Maybe John Mason Brown will tell a poor syndicate editor what to do. Should we stick to Dr. Wertham's dictum of "no violence" in the comics—or to history?

WARD GREENE.

King Features Syndicate,
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If it's any comfort to Mr. Greene, Dr. Wertham referred throughout his article to comic* books, *which he distinguishes from newspaper pages and strips. Mr. Brown, as far as we know, just doesn't like any of them.*

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Gotham's Golden Wedding

ALLAN NEVINS

THIS summer Father Knickerbocker stands host to the country. It is fifty years since a little group of hard-toiling citizens — Andrew H. Green, Seth Low, Abram S. Hewitt, William L. Strong, and others —brought about the formation of the Greater City, conquering obstacles hardly less than those met by the men who knit the thirteen states into one nation. The achievement well deserves a celebration. No great city in the world is so much cut up by water barriers as New York, which Fernando Wood, in the days of his meditated treason, wished to call Tri-Insula. No two adjacent cities, not even St. Paul and Minneapolis, had greater mutual jealousy than New York and Brooklyn down to the Nineties. To bring the sixty-six square miles of Brooklyn, the fifty-seven square miles of Richmond, and large remaining sections of the 124 square miles of Queens and the forty square miles of the Bronx, into union with the twenty-two square miles of Manhattan—this was to make possible the greatest city of the world.

The unification was accomplished just in time for the reception of the Santiago fleet in 1899 and of Admiral Dewey a year later. It happened just in time to swell the population figures of New York in the census of 1900 to impressive proportions. Back in 1890 the people over whom Mayor Hugh Grant had held sway, by the grace of Tammany and Boss Croker, had numbered 1,515,000. The opening of the new century found Greater New York, now ruled by another Tammany viceroy, Augustus Van Wyck, boasting of 3,437,000 people. Unification took place just as a far vaster immigration than any before known, setting new records from 1900 to the First World War, began pouring through the city portals. It took place as a new spirit of progressivism and reform was about to be given national expression by Theodore Roosevelt, so lately head of the city's police force, R. M. La Follette, and others. It inaugurated a growth in wealth, prestige, and power far exceeding any possibilities of the days when "little old New York" meant merely Manhattan Island.

Looking back across the half-century, New Yorkers can review much that is creditable and much that is dubious or worse. They can recall

three really admirable city administrations (Seth Low's, John Purroy Mitchel's, and La Guardia's, not to speak of Mr. O'Dwyer's); two that were distinctly above average, McClellan's and Gaynor's; one that was below, Hylan's, and one that was deplorable, Walker's. Obviously, the preponderance has been good. They can recall brilliant chapters of civic achievement like Mr. Moses's administration of the parks, and savage scandals like the Becker-Rosenthal case. They may dwell upon the impressive public figures they have given the nation: the two Roosevelts, Alfred E. Smith, Frances Perkins. They may also remember Bill Sulzer, Judge Manton, the building trades racketeers, and "Murder, Inc." They can point to two of the greatest newspapers in the world, The *New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune,* and to several of the least reputable; to Ochs, Pulitzer, and the Reids, but also to Hearst and Patterson. They can take only a mixed pride in the rise of Negro Harlem; the opening of new opportunities for colored people is a splendid work, but the making of fresh slums in the process is regrettable. The record of New York history over fifty years is as uneven as that of national and world history.

It is not detached episodes, however, that count, for true history has to be written in terms of tendencies. The establishment of the greater city really does furnish a datum line for estimating some urban tendencies. How much progression do they show, and how much retrogression? How far short have we fallen of the legitimate dreams of the men who created the greater city? Looking back over the fifty years, we may discern four or

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S MINOR CRIMINALS

The fictional criminals described below were guilty of crimes less than murder. Allowing five points for each one you can identify and another five for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 29.

1. This banker conspired with the wife of an embezzler to restore the money that had been stolen.
2. This phony artist and his gang of crooks insinuated themselves into the home of a wealthy and generous lady, kept her a virtual prisoner completely cut off from her friends, sold off all her treasures, and nearly drove her insane.
3. As a young officer he deserted a supposedly sinking ship, leaving the 800 passengers to drown.
4. By day he was a poor but honest bank messenger, but by night he was a "resurrection man."
5. Sued for breach-of-promise, this young man offered to marry both the objects of his affections but was prevented when the plaintiff's counsel pointed out that such an act would be bigamy.
6. Convicted of adultery, this woman was required to wear a scarlet letter "A" on the front of her dress.
7. This confidence man never failed to leave his victims with a souvenir of their unwise investments.
8. This boy and his father became chronic arsonists after an accidental fire cremated their litter of little pigs.
9. Just before he died this venerable Victorian confessed that the poems with which he had built up a notable reputation over the years had been stolen from a roommate who had died young.
10. This extremely dull and placid suburbanite astonished his family and in-laws by announcing that he was a member of an international ring of counterfeiters.

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five great new sets of changes in New York life. These changes have set the pace, in some measure, for similar movements in other parts of the nation.

ONE revolutionary change deserves more than cursory mention: the initiation of urban and regional planning on an unprecedented scale. Perhaps the most striking single difference between the New York of 1898 and the New York of 1948 is that the older city was totally unplanned; the newer city is being very carefully planned. Consolidation opened the way. Far-sighted men knew something of Daniel Burnham and his Chicago Plan. They knew that within a generation the metropolitan community, with twelve or fifteen million people, would be in a process of self-strangulation if plans were not worked out and enforced. The building of the Pennsylvania Railroad tubes under the Hudson opened the eyes of George McAneny and others to the necessity for immediate action. In the Mitchel Administration legislation was carried to zone the city for use, and to limit building height by districts. When public financial support for planning failed, the Russell Sage Foundation stepped into the breach. Distinguished men joined hands—Charles D. Norton, Frederick L. Olmsted, E. F. Bassett, Lawson Purdy, Nelson Lewis, to name but a few. The ten volumes of the Committee on Regional Plan laid down requirements that no municipal administration dared to ignore; the Port Authority helped the city and state carry them out. No part of the city's history has a more epic quality than this transformation, and none more urgently needs writing.

Another of the sweeping changes of the past fifty years has to do with the provision of social services. When Mayor Strong gave way to Mayor Van Wyck, welfare work among the city's masses meant—charity. Private charitable organizations were numerous; they struggled bravely while the municipality sat with idle hands; but the task, so vividly described by Riis, John Spargo, Florence Kelly, and Robert Hunter, was far too grim and great. Little by little, with hospitals, clinics, visiting nurses, school dentists, and, above all, home aid, the city has awakened to its responsibility. Its Welfare Department now dispenses annually sums exceeding the whole city budget in 1898. Still another sweeping change, this time social in a broader sense, is concerned with the status of women in the city. Fifty years ago only a handful were known in community life; practically none held public office. It was thought a remarkable innovation when Mayor Mitchel named Katherine Bement Davis one of his commissioners. New York in the fifty years just passed has not only seen women storm some of the highest positions at the bar, in business, in journalism, and in countless other callings. It has seen them take an important place in the structure of city government, sitting on the bench, heading departments, and helping make city laws.

Yet of all the changes of the half-century none are so spectacular, and none will seem to the nation at large so important, as those which have lifted New York to clear leadership in the cultural life of the nation, and kept her there. When the greater city was born, New York had no public library worthy of her station; her resources in books had been divided among the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, and no proper central building existed. Today the New York Public Library, in the building completed by Carrere & Hastings in 1911, is with its four and a quarter million books one of the four greatest libraries in the world. When the greater city began, Columbia University was just moving to its new site on Morningside Heights, where a few buildings loomed up rawly across a vista of half-vacant fields. It was still more college than university, with Nicholas Murray Butler's constructive regime not to begin for three more years. Not until 1903 did City College begin its striking group, built from Manhattan schist, on St. Nicholas Heights; not until later still were most of the buildings of New York University farther uptown completed. Today New York has four efficient universities (for Fordham must be included) where hardly one could be said to exist a half-century ago; and their combined enrollment leaves that of any other urban group of universities far in the rear.

These institutions are merely the first names in a long list. Among the great libraries which did not exist a half-century ago, or which, if they did exist, were small and ill-housed, are the Morgan Library, the Hispanic Society Library, the Frick Art Library, the Engineering Societies Library, the Museum of the American Indian Library, the Russell Sage Foundation Library, and various Jewish libraries. Among the art collections which did not exist a half century ago are the Bache, Whitney, and Frick galleries, and the Museum of Modern Art. Fifty years ago New York had no musical school of the first rank; now it has the Juilliard School, endowed by a foundation established in 1920. It had no important Jewish theological school; now it has one (the building

"There's a man at the door. . . ."

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completed eighteen years ago) which ranks with any in the world. Its Museum of the City of New York almost challenges comparison with the Carnavalet, while even Paris might be glad to have The Cloisters. The Hayden Planetarium flanks the greatly enlarged Museum of Natural History, which, as its officials like to say, is not only a museum but a school, a research institute, a publishing house, and an organizing agency for field explorations.

To what a galaxy of colorful as well as distinguished men New York owes her cultural growth of the last half century! In music, what memories are called up by the names of Grau, Conried, Hammerstein, and Walter Damrosch! In art, how much the city has owed, since Do Cesnola's day, to George Bellows, Robert Henri, John Sloan, and Jo Davidson, as well as to Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller! (Nor must we forget the Greenwich Villagers who organized the Association of American Artists and Sculptors, and staged the Armory Show.) Among architects, how much we owe to Charles F. McKim, and George Post, and Delano & Aldrich! McKim, Mead & White alone gave us the Municipal Building, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the General Post Office, the Morgan Library, the Century and University Clubs, and the Columbia group. How much we owe to the sculptors who have adorned the city, and whose best works (apart from those of St. Gaudens) nearly all belong to the last half century! They include Herbert Adams and the splendid seated statue of Bryant, Karl Bitter and his impressive Carl Schurz on Morningside Heights, George Gray Barnard and the "Pan" in Central Park, Macmonnies and the Nathan Hale, and Daniel Chester French with his "Alma Mater" at Columbia and his figures at the Hall of Fame.

Culturally no less than financially and industrially, New York is one of the principal centers of energy in our modern world. It is impressive to note how magnificently its power and influence have been increased in the past fifty years; to see how close this capital of the United Nations now comes to rivaling the oldest centers of Europe in its artistic treasures, its resources for instruction and inspiration, its attractions to the student, the artist, and idealist.

Allan Nevins, Columbia University history professor, is co-author of the official jubilee history "The Greater City: New York 1898-1948." *He is now completing the final part of his three-volume "Ordeal of the Union."*

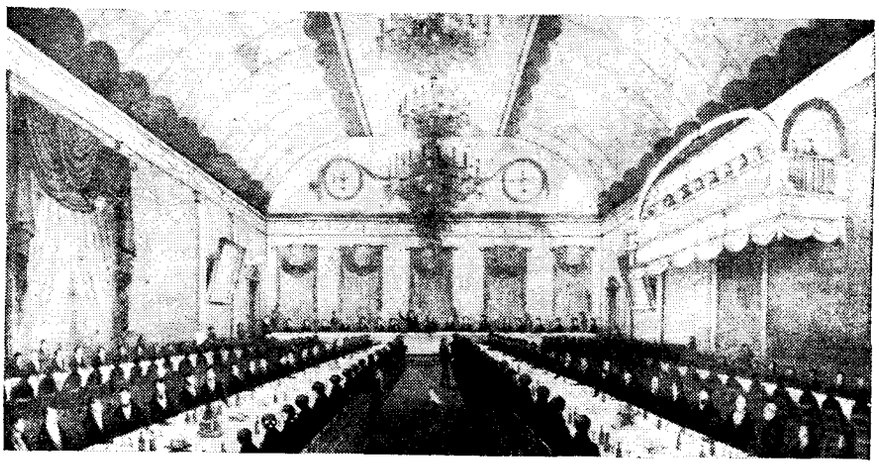
Portfolio of Broadway Sights

WHILE plans were being drawn up for the current celebration of the consolidation of the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Richmond into Greater New York City, historians of the New York Historical Society delved into their records to learn what life was like in 1898, when the merger occurred.

"All was serene in the United States," they later reported in the society's quarterly magazine. "In Manhattan the police had just adopted the Bertillon system, but otherwise seemed to be making little progress in suppressing crime. . . . Albert White, morgue keeper, was on trial for illegally disposing of dead bodies. . . . The Metropolitan Traction Company was indicted for operating 'Dead Man's Curve' at Broadway and 14th Street. . . . Theodore Roosevelt had become Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Grant's Tomb had been dedicated; work was progressing on the second East River bridge, and the first electric range was installed in Andrew Carnegie's mansion on Fifth Avenue."

Times may have been placid on the birthday of Greater New York City, but little old New York had already enjoyed a long, varied, and picturesque history. As its contribution to this year's Golden Anniversary celebration, the Museum of the City of New York concentrated on just one of the city's features—its oldest, longest, and most celebrated thoroughfare. Since 1626, when New York's first government was established, Broadway has been called everything from "the greatest street in the world" to "a thoroughfare in Hell." The 500 pictures of Broadway now on exhibit at the museum reveal the vicissitudes of the street, and incidentally of the city and the nation. To many Americans Broadway is synonymous with the "Great White Way"; but the museum's exhibition demonstrates that the world of amusement is merely one facet of a street of infinite variety.

Through the courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York and other museums and private collectors who cooperated to make the exhibit possible, *SRL* presents a portfolio of "Broadway Sights."



Knickerbocker affair in a Broadway hotel—a dinner to Washington Irving (1832).

Gotham's great fire of 1845 destroyed the Waverly Hotel on lower Broadway.

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—*Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Vincent Lockwood.*

An 1844 watercolor of Broadway idlers, "The Soap Locks" (def. "a lock of hair, soaped to make it lie smooth, one who wears such a lock, a rowdy or rough")—"To many Americans Broadway is synonymous with the 'Great White Way'; but the museum's exhibition demonstrates that the world of amusement is merely one facet of a street of infinite variety."

—*The J. Clarence Davies Collection.*

"Broadway Promenaders, Latest Style," 1846 lithograph—"Broadway has been called everything from 'the greatest street in the world' to 'a thoroughfare in Hell'."

—*Museum of the City of New York.*

Lola Montez's New York debut (1851), of which the *Herald* reported, "The building was crowded, almost entirely with gentlemen. We never saw so few ladies."—"Times may have been placid on the birthday of Greater New York City, but little old New York had already enjoyed a long, varied, and picturesque history."

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

HEY, RUBBERNECK!

WE read in the *Times* a few weeks ago that the license commissioner in New York was requiring all lecturers on sightseeing buses to take a brush-up course in diction and statistics in preparation for the Golden Anniversary celebration in the city this summer. After giving the lecturers a fair amount of time to brush themselves up, we dropped down to the Manhattan Sightseeing Tours, Inc., on West 49th St. the other evening and took the ride ourselves.

One tour travels uptown towards Grant's Tomb, another downtown to Greenwich Village and Chinatown, and a third out to Coney Island. We thought adventure lurked to the south and, after paying $2.30, we boarded the Chinatown bus boasting a plexiglass top, a facility which presents a view and yet keeps out stray vegetables. As the bus rolled west down 49th St. a swarthy young man in a sports shirt stood up and through a megaphone said, "Now, folks, this is a hot night. The men can take off their coats, the ladies can take off their shoes. You can smoke in this bus, but no inhaling, please. My name is Roy and the driver's name is Mike. Call us by our first names, and we hope by the end of the trip you're not calling us anything else."

The bus was rolling down Broadway and Roy said that 15,000 gallons of water flowed over the Bond Clothes sign every two minutes, and that the Times Building is the only structure in New York built without a foundation.

We passed the Met, "where Enrico Caruso usta sing for $2,400 a night," and invaded Herald Square. Roy described Macy's as the world's largest store and the originator of bargain day. "It is here on Thursdays that you can get a five-dollar bonnet for $4.98. Now in Greeley Square we have Gimbels. . . ."

"Oh," said a stout little boy sitting behind us, "John Gimbels!" "No," said his mother, "John David's."

"I know it's hot tonight," said Roy, into the megaphone, "but if you're thirsty there are plenty of springs under the seats."

The bus swung eastward through the Thirties. "Up this street is the Martha Washington Hotel, for women only. The only male in the hotel is in the mail shutes," shouted Roy. "Now ahead of the bus and to your right is the famous Little Church Around the Corner."

"Why do they call it a little church?" asked a lady sitting in front of us. "Seems to me it's a mighty big church."

The bus swung south, through the "Iowa-class shopping centa" towards Greenwich Village, which Roy explained was a place for "short-haired women and long-haired men." "Oh," said the fat little boy with anxiety. "On your left and in front of the bus," Roy called out, "is Longchamps. A ham sandwich — $1.50, with mustard $1.75. Now folks, the buildings you see on the left are New York University."

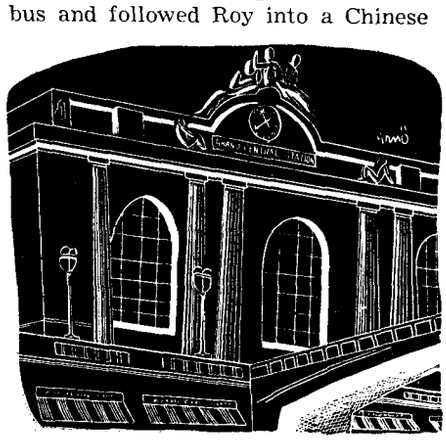
"Boy, I'm glad we don't go there," said a young girl. "You and me both," said the girl with her. "On the right is the building Mrs. Roosevelt lives in when in New York," Roy said. "Did he say left or right?" asked the first girl. "You mean Roosevelt or NYU?" her friend asked.

"You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves," shouted a bearded gentlemen sitting in his underwear on a front stoop.

"Now, folks," Roy said, "if someone should call you rubberneck, don't pay no attention. We're o.k. till they start throwin'." Then he pointed out Jimmy Kelly's, said there was a mortician next door, and that you could get stiff in either place. We swung through the Bowery, which Roy called a place where you could get a haircut for thirty cents, a shave for twenty cents, and a trimming for nothing. "Now folks ahead of the bus and to your left is the Mascot Hotel, a mascot with every bed."

"That's a funny name for a hotel," said the fat little boy. "He means bugs," said his mother.

In Chinatown we got out of the bus and followed Roy into a Chinese



Joss House. When everyone was seated on the wooden stools Roy said, "Now folks we are in a Chinese temple. The Chinese make their presence known by hittin' this gong three times and then kow-towin' to the altar." He picked up a hammer and sounded the gong three times. "This altar is the original one Lillian Gish layed on in 'Broken Blossoms.' Now over here is a sacred magic drum," he said. "Hit it once if you want to get married, twice for good luck, and three times for a quick divorce. Now folks we are going to get blessed by a high priestess." A thin, gray-haired Chinese lady mumbled some Chinese words, and Roy said, "That means 'the Chinese priest blesses you all.' But folks we can't leave just like that so just repeat after me the following words: *kwang he fa toi.*" Everybody said it, and as the crowd filed out each person hit the sacred drum. We can report a dearth of people seeking either marriage or quick divorce. As we took our turn we noticed someone had left a small white yo-yo behind the altar and, as far as we were concerned, that seemed to take the reliability off things.

Anniversary Calendar

COMMEMORATING the fiftieth anniversary of the consolidation of New York's five boroughs into Greater New York, these special events are scheduled in the world's second largest city:

July 31-August 8—International Air Exposition, New York International Airport (Idlewild). Admission $1.

Opens with a Presidential review featuring the largest peacetime mobilization of the Air Forces. More than a 1,000 planes including a squadron of British jet fighters will fly over the city.

August 23-September 19 — Educational Exposition, Grand Central Palace. Admission 50c.

One hundred and four city departments will exhibit their functions around a mammoth translucent globe surrounded by a golden ramp. The theme: New York as the trade center of the world.

September 29 (closing date unannounced)—International Dance Festival. City Center.

S. Hurok, the impresario, will present, among other troupes, the Paris Opera Ballet and the Ballet des Champs Elysées.

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From the temple Roy took us all to the Rescue Mission at 7 Doyer St. A big sign outside said, "Stop ! ! If you haven't a friend in the world you can find one here." We were ushered inside a hall sprinkled with down-and-outers. There were big signs painted all over the walls. They read, "How long since you've written to mother?" and "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." A kindly faced gentleman took us down into the cellar and said the mission was a non-sectarian Protestant organization, that it received what the saloon-keeper threw out, and the organization was averaging eight concerts a week.

We all got back into the bus and when everyone was settled Roy said, "What's my name?" "Roy!" everyone shouted. The bus rolled northward, out of the Bowery. On Delancey Street a gang of kids had opened a hydrant and were cooling themselves in the stream. "Hey, rubberneck!" they shouted and as the bus drove by they splashed water all over everybody.

HORACE SUTTON.

How N.Y. Got That Way

NEW YORK: The World's Capital City. By Cleveland Rodgers and Rebecca B. Rankin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 398 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GROVER WHALEN

NEW YORK is today the world's capital city, and we of New York are proud of that distinction.

Sitting on a bench on the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr. Rodgers and Miss Rankin ruminate about the beginnings of the city, tracing it all the way from the first recorded discovery of New York Bay by Giovanni da Verrazzano in 1524. They show how New York developed under the Dutch, flourished under the British, who took over in 1664, and emerged as a powerful community when the colonies became independent.

But there is more than power, prestige, prosperity, and progress to New York City. There is more to it than its 8,000,000 people, its first-rank importance as a transportation and financial center. There is more to it than even its long and illustrious life and accomplishments. It is also a winning and warm-hearted community. Rather, New York is a collection of communities, each distinctive and each separated from all the others but joined in their common bonds of citizenship and Americanism. Every language is spoken in New York, and not even the tower of Babel had so many tongues. Nowhere else in the world

ANOTHER IMPORTANT NEW DIRECTIONS REVIVAL

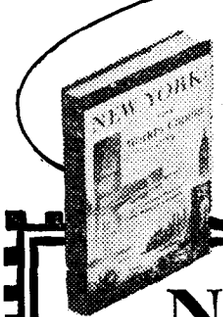
The Other House

BY *Henry James*

A little known but very good novel in which the master turns his gaze on—murder! Hardly a detective story, but excellent James, with a dramatic psychological situation building up through love to violence. With an introduction by Leon Edel. $3.00

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

New Directions also publishes "The Spoils of Poynton" ($1.50) and "Stories of Artists & Writers" ($3.50) by Henry James.



"I don't know a better way for anyone to know New York than by reading this book." —GROVER WHALEN

NEW YORK:

THE WORLD'S CAPITAL CITY

Its Development and Contributions to Progress

By *Cleveland Rodgers*, Member, New York City Planning Commission, and *Rebecca B. Rankin*, Librarian, New York Municipal Reference Library

This timely book is at once a vivid and detailed history of New York City and a revealing picture of its throbbing life. The authors draw on an unusual professional and personal intimacy with New York to unveil the diverse forces, trends and personalities which have combined to make this city the financial, cultural, educational and commercial center of the world. *Illustrated with 83 photographs.*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher says: "The material is so well organized that the reader does not feel overwhelmed by the thoroughness of the scholarly research which lies back of its readable pages."

$5.00 at your bookstore or from

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live so many races and creeds and peoples of varying backgrounds and strains. Yet these millions live in harmony and understanding and exhibit a far greater degree of tolerance than any other place in the world.

New York began as a village where those loving freedom and individuality could find a haven, and in the more than 300 years of its existence it has always been a safe harbor for the oppressed, the underprivileged, and the persecuted.

I was born and reared on the Lower East Side of New York, and although I cling emotionally to my birthplace I hardly recognize the neighborhood today. Growth and progress have virtually eliminated every vestige of my boyhood. And yet it was only fifty years ago that the communities in and about New York agreed to merge their individualities as municipalities and become one city. In five decades since the consolidation New York has skyrocketed to glory and power.

This work on New York is not what might be called a guide for tourists. But you will find, as did I, that Rodgers and Rankin have provided a simply-styled, easy-to-read chronicle of just how the big city got that way.

Official and unofficial keeper of the latch string for New York City for a number of years, Grover Whalen is chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the Golden Anniversary.

Skyscraper Scene

NEW YORK, CONFIDENTIAL. By Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 316 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ED SULLIVAN

IF you assigned Chicagoan Jack Lait to pen a cook book, you could rest assured that his stabbing pen would sprinkle the copy with paprika and red pepper. Lait's talent as a pungent, arresting writer has accomplished as much for "New York, Confidential," on which the veteran teamed with Lee Mortimer for Ziff-Davis. This is a guided tour of New York, with Lait making it readable by frequent and colorful excursions into the Broadway and mob strata, where his flair for power-packed word coinage lifts the book far above the guide-book category.

Penning a book about Broadway months in advance of publication has certain occupational hazards. For instance, in telling of the Monte Carlo restaurant, the authors could not foresee that by the time the book emerged in galley proofs the club would be out of business and in the process of becoming a shoestore. Time, tide, and nightclubs wait for no man, and no tenant.

Lait, through the long years, never has lost the conception of Broadway and his appreciation of the tumult that rages there that first overpowered him on his arrival in New York. Some of us who write of Broadway, year after year, become depressed at the shooting galleries and popcorn stands that have taken over acres of Stem territory. Unlike most of us, Lait never loses sight of the fact that the street, aging as gracelessly as a harlot, still beckons to the ambitious youngsters of the country. It is his account of their acceptance of the challenge and their manner of winning over it that make him a colorful reporter of the Broadway blow-by-blow.

Broadway veterans may quibble with minor faults in this story of New York, may complain that the Amrons and dapper Joe Moss dreamed up the revolutionary Hollywood restaurant, rather than N. T. Granlund, who takes credit for it; that the Monte Carlo is better remembered as the incubator of Edgar Bergen, etc., etc., but these are mere quibblings.

Readers of the book, I believe, will enjoy the spirit that Lait, aided by Mortimer, has caught and projected against a screen of skyscrapers.

Ed Sullivan's column "Little Old New York" appears five days a week in The New York Daily News *and is syndicated to twenty-five other papers across the country.*

All Around the Town

NEW YORK CITY. One of the Look at America Series. By Frederick L. Allen. New York: The Editors of Look. 1948. 394 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by MEYER BERGER

THE editors of *Look* have put together a simple and beautiful guide book on New York City. It is nine-tenths fascinating photographs, one-tenth crisply informative text by Frederick Lewis Allen of *Harper's Magazine;* in all 394 attractive pages.

Mr. Allen's contribution catches New York's moods and atmosphere without a wasted word. It is not guide-book treacle. It shows the sooty spots with direct bluntness: "There is much in New York that is ugly," which, heaven knows, is true. The beauty is sketched in deftly.

The photographs bring New York City to life. They show it in sunshine, in rain, and through the four seasons. They show its people in movement.

New York by Night

Shelly and Finny Fare

New York's Fulton Fish Market is the largest fish distribution center in the world . . . hotels and restaurants get their fish fresher than the housewife . . . because their buyers cop the best long before she's had her morning . . . coffee.

SWEET'S, 2 Fulton St.
THE KING OF THE SEA, Third Ave. at 53rd St.
THE LITTLE SHRIMP, 226 West 23rd St.

* * *

Heavy Date Coming Up

For sumptuous dining in a gorgeous, gracious setting, convoy her to:

FOUNTAIN ROOM of Hampshire House, 150 Central Park South.
DRAKE ROOM of Hotel Drake, 71 East 56th St.
EL BORRACHO, 51 East 55th St.
LA SALLE DES CHAMPAGNES, 135 Macdougal St.

* * *

Plush and Splash

Put on your sables, Mabel, I'm buying a table.

VERSAILLES, 151 East 50th St.
PERSIAN ROOM of Hotel Plaza, Fifth Ave. and 59th St.
LESLIE HOUSE, 30 West 56th St.

* * *

Celebrity Haunts

These are the places where syndicated columnists and the people they write about pretend they could live without each other.

STORK CLUB, 3 East 53rd St.
"21," 21 West 52nd St.
COLONY RESTAURANT, 667 Madison Ave.
SARDI'S, 234 West 44th St.

* * *

Shashlik and Vodka

Don't be surprised at the courtly politeness of your Slav-bloused waiter. Chances are he's a prince or something.

RUSSIAN KRETCHMA, 244 East 14th St.
CASINO RUSSE, 157 West 56th St.

* * *

Quick on the Snigger

I gravely doubt that your Aunt Beulah would be amused by the songs these singers sing at these places.

MONKEY BAR of the Hotel Elysee, 60 East 54th St.
BAGATELLE, 3 East 52nd St.

—From "Knife and Fork in New York." By Lawson Mackall. New York: McBride. 1948. 249 pp. $2.75.

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The visitor will look at picture after picture and say, "I want to see that."

Selection is perfect; not too much accent on the hot spots and the seamy side—nor too little. The pictures go from seashore to beyond the Palisades, and from The Battery to the city's farthest north.

After Mr. Allen's introduction, the city is presented in four sections: Lower Manhattan to 23rd Street; Mid-Manhattan to 110th; Upper Manhattan above 110th, and the final part covering Brooklyn, Staten Island, The Bronx, and Queens.

There is a chapter on transportation in New York, a regional directory, and a table of annual events. This should be the most popular New York City guide book this season, something the visitor would like to take back to Aunt Nannie.

Meyer Berger, The New York Times *ace roving newsman known widely for his Gotham reporting, is author of "The Eight Million" and winner of a Headliners' Club award.*

Guides to Gotham . . .

A GUIDE BOOK TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK WITH HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND STATISTICAL FACTS. By Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Illus. 1947. 100 pp. Paper cover. No charge.

GUIDE TO NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK. 4th Ed. By Raymond L. Ditmars and Lee S. Crandall. Illus. New York: New York Zoological Society. 1945. 258 pp. 75c.

NEW YORK CITY GUIDE. Rev. Ed. Federal Writers' Project of Works Progress Administration in New York City. New York: Random House. Illus. 1946. 708 pp. $3.

NEW YORK, CITY OF CITIES. By Hulbert Footner. Illus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. 339 pp. $3.50. A delightful story of New York which may be read before sightseeing.

NEW YORK STANDARD GUIDE. New York: The Foster & Reynolds Co. Illus. 1937. 142 pp. 50c.

GREENWICH VILLAGE GUIDE. By *The Villager* Staff. New York: Bryan Publications. Illus., map. 1939. 35c. Facts and figures on America's quaint, colorful, historic community collected through six years of research.

FAMOUS GUIDE TO NEW YORK. Edited by A. Gross. New York: Geographia Map Co. 1944. Paper cover. 96 pp. 35c.

SO YOU'RE VISITING NEW YORK CITY! By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illus. 1939. 100 pp. $1.35.

NEW YORK! NEW YORK! By R. M. Loud and A. A. Wales. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 78 pp. $1.25. A seven-day sightseeing trip for children and their parents.

HOW DO YOU LIKE NEW YORK? An Informal Guide. By Eva T. McAdoo. New York: The Macmillan Co. Illus. 1936. 182 pp. $1.50. Sightseeing by day.

MAGICAL CITY. Intimate sketches of New York. Pictures by Vernon Howe Bailey. Notes by Arthur Bartlett Maurice. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. 256 pp. $3.

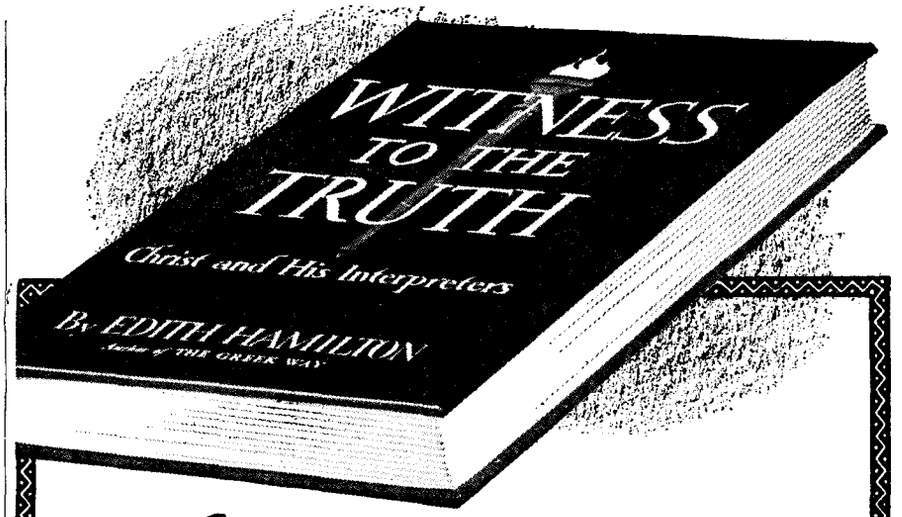
GRAND CENTRAL. By David Marshall. Illus. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 280 pp. $3.50. Fascinating story of Grand Central Station and facts about it interesting to travelers.

NEW YORK HANDY GUIDE. New York: Manhattan Post Card Publishing Co. 1946. 96 pp. 35c.

NO MEAN CITY. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 285 pp. $3. A descriptive book by one who knew and loved his city. Not a guide but gives an understanding of the city.

VISITORS GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY. New York: Convention & Visitors Bureau of Commerce & Industry Assn. 1947. Folded leaflet. No charge.

DISCOVER NEW YORK WITH HELEN WORDEN. By Helen Worden. New York: American Women's Voluntary Services. Illus. 1943. 128 pp. 25c. *A guide for the general public.*



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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, A GERMAN REQUIEM. a) Robt. Shaw, RCA Victor Chorale & Orch. Eleanor Steber, James Pease. RCA Victor DM 1236 (9)	Both excellent jobs, diff. styles. Shaw's ultra clear in detail, bit dry; solo sop. good, bass poor—cavernous pickup. Vienna has big, juicy liveness, blurred detail—but nicely so! Both take big peak passages beautifully, fine dynamic range, adequate tonal range.	A	(See below) Two excellent performances. Your choice depends on weight of various factors. You'll hear more detail work, more accuracy in Shaw, less depth of understanding, particularly in more solemn moments. Schwartzkopf is far ahead of Steber, Hotter more emotional than Pease.
b) Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna Philharmonic, H. v. Karajan. Eliz. Schwartzkopf, Hans Hotter. Columbia MM 755 (10) *2 vols.*		A	
BACH, SELECTIONS (GUITAR). Andes Segovia. Musicraft 90 (2)	Excellent guitar recording, quite wide range, sharp, percussive, good volume level. But surface interferes some.	B+	In spite of Hispanic mannerisms, Bach comes through in this synthetic suite, amazingly. Guitar an excellent Bach medium, close to lute tradition.

THE BRAHMS "REQUIEM" — ROMANTIC EVOCATION

THE "German Requiem" (above) is a fallible work, rich in faults as well as human sentiment and thereby it is one of the finest expressions of the romantic spirit. Romanticism did not, as the books so often have it, discard "form" to achieve a higher freedom; rather romanticism admits in its music to being human and hence fallible and by its very weaknesses manages to arouse the human emotions to a pitch. The "Requiem" is bosky, lush, and comfortable, heroic and intimate, tenderly reserved and blatantly, almost naively, triumphant. It strains at emotional credibility, as in the tremendous fugues, the "Worthy Art Thou," and the D major pedal-point fugue, a triumph of pure romanticism that reduces the fugue form to a tour de force of absurdity, the while mounting one of the finest choral climaxes in all choral literature! This is the spirit of Schumann in Brahms.

The choice, then, between Robert Shaw's "Requiem" and that of the Vienna Musikfreunde is mainly in respect to the romantic evocation, and in this the Viennese win. Beloved of youth, the "Requiem" is still an old-fashioned work and yields ungracefully to youthful streamlining. The Freunde sing with the true middle-aged *gemütlichkeit* —need more be said? Shaw follows closely behind with the most mature recording he has yet made, but the "Requiem" practically "sings itself"; it is hard to go far wrong, given an accurate knowledge of the notes.

And it is there that the Vienna version is inexcusable. Does *gemütlichkeit* mean fallibility in execution too? The Musikfreunde Singverein is powerfully expressive when it gets going. But it is a shock to find in this famous organization that middle-aged inflexibility and carelessness in detail that we supposed belonged chiefly to our own "oratorio" groups, church choirs, and amateur mass-choruses. Nothing is clean, time and again the first notes of an entrance are carried by a quarter of the singers, the rest following along like so many sheep—and this in a performance for recording! If ever Robert Shaw has benefited choral singing, it is in the high standards of plain singing accuracy that are a matter of course in all his work. His "Requiem" is a revelation of what can be done when a choral group accepts the same standards as any good orchestra, and the standards set here must now be those of every respectable chorus, including the venerable Freunde.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

roles in the Continental theatre for many years. She makes her background of theatrical and bohemian life, against which the intense drama of two creative artists is played, authentic but never intrusive. More than that she develops with real psychological insight the exegencies and compulsions of artistic temperament, and indicates, with more subtlety and taste than is sometimes encountered today, that bemused and exclusive world in which love sometimes manages to live for a time.

Despite its definitely continental flavor "Mirabelle" is not a translation, and the reader will undoubtedly be impressed by the author's mastery of the English language, since, her publisher tells us, she wrote her first novel in German (at the age of sixteen), later published novels in French, and turned to English only when she and her husband came to live in this country.

Key West Reverie

EVENING STREET. By Katrina Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

TO anyone who knows Key West, that title "Evening Street' connotes very well the pearly tropic light over gray and red rooftops among bursts of tropic green, as well as the changing afternoon color of the sea which bars the long street ends with pure azure. By the most deft use of description, a sentence, a short paragraph in the midst of her staccato dialogue, Katrina Johnson suggests Key West as setting and atmosphere; gray houses with wooden lace and shuttered windows, the unechoing island sounds of fish-sellers, of sailors singing home to the Naval Station from some late bar, the sea wind threshing the palm fronds, roosters crowing, and a woman's voice crying to playing children in shrill Cuban. There is the smell of coffee roasting and hot "bollos" cooking. But more than that she manages to convey the relaxed, drifting casualness, in such a tropic setting, of a migratory tourist population.

Katrina Johnson writes lightly, almost carelessly, sketching in her people with outlines only, as if they, too, were saturated with light and therefore hard to see except superficially. A philosopher and his daughter Vic-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dave Bennett, in "The Embezzler," by James Cain. 2. Henry Abbott, in "Kind Lady," by Edward Chodorov. 3. "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad. 4. Jerry Cruncher, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens. 5. Edward, in "Trial by Jury," by W. S. Gilbert. 6. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 7. Jeff Peters, in "The Gentle Grafter," by O. Henry. 8. Bo-Bo, in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb. 9. Oliver Blayds, in "The Truth About Blayds," by A. A. Milne. 10. George Redfern, in "Laburnam Grove," by J. B. Priestly.

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toria move into a Key West cottage, two rooms to a floor and a lean-to kitchen in the back garden, "a tangled mess of scent and color." They furnish it with a typewriter, a box of books, and a Cézanne nude. Their days go like dreams.

But then an incredible gospel mission man named Frederick Oliver Buck comes to call to invite them to church, a thing as far from their comprehension as the Cézanne nude is to him. Conversation is simply and mutually unintelligible. The next day the philosopher dies. Still in the dream state, slightly invaded with panic, Victoria finds herself marrying Frederick Oliver Buck and in process of being reformed by his equally incredible evangelistic mother.

How Victoria endures but finally escapes into a more compreehnsive love, and presumably marriage, with an understanding painter, makes the shortish and often quite unbelievable novel, of which the moral seems to be, when in Key West, don't do anything but enjoy it. But perhaps that unbelievable tone exactly fits the place and atmosphere.

Katrina Johnson tells her simple story simply, almost flatly, with an obvious humor that may seem funnier to some people than to others. She makes no attempt to make her people real. Except that they are real because everybody sees and knows all these variegated people, the queer floating populations that make a Florida winter an aggregation of unrooted human oddities. It is a light and inconsequent book. Yet what would be silly is made engaging by her communicated air of feckless and amiable gaiety. It is astonishing how the whole thing adds up to being exactly like a couple of days touristing, pleasant, idle days, climaxed by the vast sunset colors over a garden, within sound of the Key West evening streets.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

(*Continued from page 8*)

not do well is vocational training. That can best be conducted on the job. The rapid changes in technology and the mobility of our population make vocational training given one day in one place a handicap the next day in another place.

Although one would think that the proper task of higher education was to place the distinguishing mark of the educated person, intellectual power, upon those who pass through our colleges and universities, the Commission never misses a chance to communicate the news that our educational institutions are far too intellectual. This will certainly surprise the students, parents, teachers, administrators, and citizens who have had anything to do with our educational system. To the disinterested observer the American educational system looks like a gigantic playroom, designed to keep the young out of worse places until they can go to work.

The report calls again and again for greater diversification in education. Since American institutions of higher education are already so diversified that neither the faculty nor the students can talk with one another except about the weather, politics, and last Saturday's game, the Commission's advice is a little like telling a drowning man that he can improve his position by drinking a great deal of water.

The Commission's program of infinite diversification rests on a non sequitur. Since men are different, the Commission holds their education must be different. Men *are* different; but they are also the same. As the Commission points out, education in this country has failed in large part because it has emphasized those respects in which men are different; that is what excessive specialization means. The purpose of liberal or general education is to bring out our common humanity, a consummation more urgently needed today than at any time within the last 500 years. To confuse at every point, as the Commission does, the education of our common humanity, which is primary and fundamental, with the education of our individual differences, which is secondary and in many cases unnecessary, is to get bad education at every point.

The Commission's principal reason for demanding greater diversification is that it proposes to double the number of students beyond the twelfth grade by 1960. The basis for this proposal is the revelation, provided by the Army General Classification Test, that at least forty-nine per cent of the college-age population of the country has the ability to complete the first two years of college work, and at least thirty-two per cent has the ability to complete additional years of higher education.

These percentage figures supply some evidence that a larger proportion of the college-age population has the ability to complete certain years of college. They supply no evidence whatever of the social advisability of having them do so. The argument that they should do so is based on the proposition that they have as much ability as those who are in college now. To know whether it is socially desirable to have them go to college, we should have to know whether it is socially desirable for all those who are in college now to be there, a question on which the Commission offers no evidence, and we should have to know why those who are not in college are not there. For example, it does not seem self-evident that a young man of twenty should be in the junior year in college if he prefers to be somewhere else.

Every citizen of a free society is entitled to a liberal education. This is the education which develops his intellectual power and the humanity which he has in common with his fellow-men. Up to the point at which they have acquired a liberal education, then, we have an obligation to have all our youth, not forty-nine per cent, but all, in college. Beyond that point education is a privilege, not a right. Its continuation beyond that point must chiefly depend on ability and interest.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TROUBLE WITH MURDER *Roger Bax* (Harpers: $2.50)	Diabolical English nephew devises ironclad method of killing wealthy uncle; does; is tripped by trollop; flees, and *almost* gets away.	Planning and enactment of crime coldly horrible; water-borne chase and struggle that climax tale thrill-packed. Writing excellent, people prime.	Superfine—in its class
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE *J. F. Hutton* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Trouble-shooter for dynamic Calif. capitalist encounters three murders in line of work. His ornithological knowledge leads suspicious cops to killer.	Refreshingly different kind of sleuth, working against colorful background and some mighty odd people. Meandering into diverting by-ways doesn't hurt plot.	Good grade

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If everybody were in school or college until he had acquired a liberal education, and if beyond that only those were admitted who had the interest and ability that advanced study requires, we should have far more students up to the ages of eighteen or twenty and far fewer over those ages. The number of students we have should not be based on the number or on the ability of those we have now. It should be based on a clear definition of the purpose of each unit of the educational system.

The problem of higher education in America is not the problem of quantity. Whatever our shortcomings in this regard, we have a larger proportion of our young people in higher education than any country I can think of; and we certainly have more teachers and more square feet per student in bigger, newer buildings than any other nation in the world.

Neither the proportion of the population in school, nor the length of their schooling, nor the amount of money spent on it is an index to the educational requirements of a people, *unless* it is first established that the educational system under discussion is headed in the right direction. To increase the number of students, to prolong the period of their incarceration in schools, to spend twice the money, but spend it in the same way, when the system is headed in no direction, or in the wrong direction, or in all directions at once—these things will merely add to the embarrassments of the taxpayer; they will not promote the moral and intellectual development of our people. The educators of America will be entitled to the support they demand when they can show that they know where they are going and why. The recent report of the President's Commission on Higher Education suggests that the time is still far off.

Dr. Hutchins's article appears by special arrangement with the editors of the Educational Record, *a quarterly journal for professional educators.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 746)

RASCOE:
*LUNCHEON WITH W. S. MAUGHAM**

Somerset Maugham says that he has reached the period of life when he wants to write essays. "It means," he said, "that I am beginning to think about life rather than to feel it—that I am taking up the point of view of the spectator."

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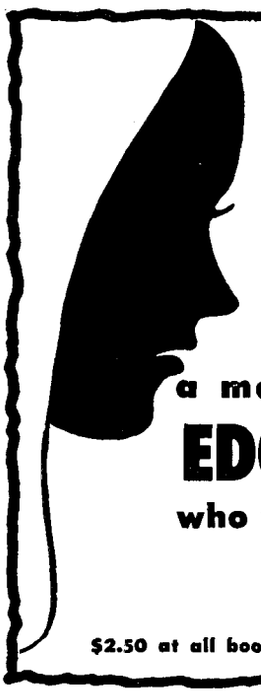

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the Phoenix Nest

SCREECH OWL

STRANGE how a screech owl haunts a little town,
Flying in silence absolute, from limb
To limb, across a yard when dusk comes down.
A brown-gray shadow in shadows circling him;
Strange how his clear and shivering wail that strikes
Terror into the heart of bird and mouse
Grows more and more familiar till one likes
The eerie cry of it about the house;
And, if he bring his family to sit
On the veranda rail, or to inspect
A near-by bird-path, quaintly rimming it
With pairs of showy ear-tufts held erect,
Strange how, indeed, a watcher must admit
That even owls are lovely, starlight flecked!

ELAINE V. EMANS.

* * *

Alice Gray Woodall of 1020 Centre Street, Boston 30, Mass., contributes:

I must protest a kitten having laughter! Monkeys, yes, like humans must howl aloud their emotions for fear the world will not know they think they should think it funny. Rows of cackling kittens, never! Therefore:

Oh? did you never see a kitten smile?
Its pansy face triangular with mirth?
A kitten is too subtle, far, to laugh,
Yet has more fun than anything on earth.

I'd gladly place my laugh in jeopardy,
To gain the kitten's envied throaty purr,
In all the world it is the perfect sound,
What need a laugh or even words to her?

Incidentally, our black Persian cat, Oglethorpe, has just [Mar. 18] hidden five kittens where she thinks I don't know. If anyone is in the market for one, they are as follows: One black (fluffy), one gray (fluffy), three tigers (not so fluffy, but awfully bright) . . . oh, oh, tiger, tiger, burning bright. . . .

* * *

COLORED VET

He stops his cart; he pokes about
The pile of junk that I put out.
What's worth the picking (papers, rags)
He stacks in boxes, stuffs in bags;
He frowns at his poor load, and then
He leans to push his cart again.
At his lapel, I see the pin
(See, too, the battles he's been in)
And in his cart I see the trash
(See, too, this young man's need for cash).
He risked his life to fight a war—
Is this what he was fighting for?

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

* * *

WESTERN WISDOM

Security I would not lose
Nor "lose my life to save it."
The cross of Christ I do not choose
Nor quest His life Who gave it.

I've not the taste for Faith and Fear,
Or mystical conjectures.
The plight of man is all made clear
In sociologic lectures.

Prosperity and rocket bombs,
I trust, are salutary.
If faith in these my fear becalms,
What else is necessary?

I place our common earthly hope
In churches, guns, and nations;
The safe and strong can always cope
With sticky situations.

My heart is firm, my head is cool;
I *make* what I require.
Could I, so factual, be a fool?
—So literal, a liar?

GLENN V. GOETZ.

* * *

The Gotham Book Mart at West 47 Street, New York City, has just brought out a Wallace Stevens item which will be desired by his considerable company of followers. It is one of the Prospero Pamphlets, edited by Frank A. Hale, John Myers, and Dmitri Petrov. It is designed and printed by the Banyan Press, and only 500 copies are for sale. The poem (of twelve verses) has two unusual drawings in illustration by Kurt Seligmann. It is entitled "A Primitive like an Orb," and concerns "the essential poem at the center of things."

* * *

Factotum is a recent magazine of which I have been sent the first issue by the editors, Paul Ramsey, O. B. Hardison, and Harvey Honig. It comes from that intelligent center of thought, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C. Its primary purpose is to publish the work of new writers. Norman Foerster leads off in it with an editorial entitled "Wanted: A New Literary Movement."

* * *

I think I have mentioned before in this department the work of that beautiful artist W. Hamilton Gibson, who flourished in the early Nineties and put forth books of natural observation copiously illustrated by himself, with an amazing fineness of detail, in days when books could be printed on coated paper and the art of repro-

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mystery
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duction was indeed an art. My friend Harrison Cady first introduced me to Gibson's work, and the other day I found, lying neglected on a second-hand counter, Gibson's "Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine" (an old Harper book), and promptly acquired it. It is full of his exquisite drawings and his delightful observations of birds and flowers. It was published when I was about five years old, which is long enough ago!

Coming to Cape Ann from the city one is immediately aware of the lyrical remarks of birds, and their constant conversational chirping and rippling. This reminds me of a paragraph of Gibson's invoked by an inquiry concerning the thrasher. The rustic he questioned replied:

"Some fokes sez it's becuz he's aliz a-thrashin' around so in the bushes, 'n' others sez it's becuz he's forever tellin' uv 'em to *'thrash it, thrash it!'* But thet's all puppy-cut; he *sez ennything you like."* What would this unconverted heretic say to the "Peverly bird," that won this local christening as a tribute from a perplexed husbandman hesitating at his choice of crops: "Sow *wheat,* Peverly, Peverly" —a refrain which is vouched for by many discriminating listeners. Yet there are other heretics who aver that this is all "puppy-cut," and that the little white-throated sparrows in reality voiced a reproof to old Peverly which he wouldn't own: "All day whittling, whittling, whittling."

It seems to me that I have heard both these last sung in our shrubbery! Or they sounded very like it. As for the name, Peverly bird, it reminds me of the bird inquired about by Vachel Lindsay when he was writing his *onomatopoetic* poem "The Santa Fé Trail." "Called the Rachel Jane," averred his informant, and the Rachel Jane it is in the poem!

* * *

I have been collecting records through Walter Garwick's estate at Harrison, N. Y., of poets reading their own works. The voice of Léonie Adams is one I could listen to again and again, and her poetry *is* poetry. In the days when Vachel Lindsay recorded, the voice was not handled so well, but his dramatic and varying rendition reminds me of the numerous times I heard him in the flesh, and what a delight it was, even all the histrionics! E. E. Cummings "comes over" very well, and Archie MacLeish even better. John Peale Bishop is good, and Marianne Moore unique. There are many others. I hope the good work goes on, and that many of our later poets may be recorded.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE MAN, varied interests would correspond with gentleman of like propensities. Box 894-A.

(*Continued on page* 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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PERSONALS

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WANTED: Help with general housekeeping and care of our three small children. Mrs. E. F. Sanders, Lordsburg, New Mex.

WANTED TO BUY—Five acres, or so, of land, located on Sea Coast of U.S.A., either Atlantic, Pacific, or Gulf Coasts. Does not matter if land should be submarginal, uneconomic, or unproductive. State price, location, topography, etc. Box 909-A.

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PARTNERS FOR AUGUST VACATION TRIP sought by professional female. Comfortable sedan. Box 913-A.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, 29, excellent driver. Congenial, considerate. Available traveling companion. August. Box 914-A.

ENGINEER: prosaic, cynical, uncultured, invites correspondence from females of antithetical attributes. Box 915-A.

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WANTED, from next fall, one or two rooms, bath, kitchenette, preferably unfurnished, East 50's to 80's, N.Y.C., by teacher, retired but active. Write Littell, Bluehill, Maine.

PERSONALS

WANTED FRANK, STIMULATING female views on art and stuff, gentleman will answer. Box 922-A.

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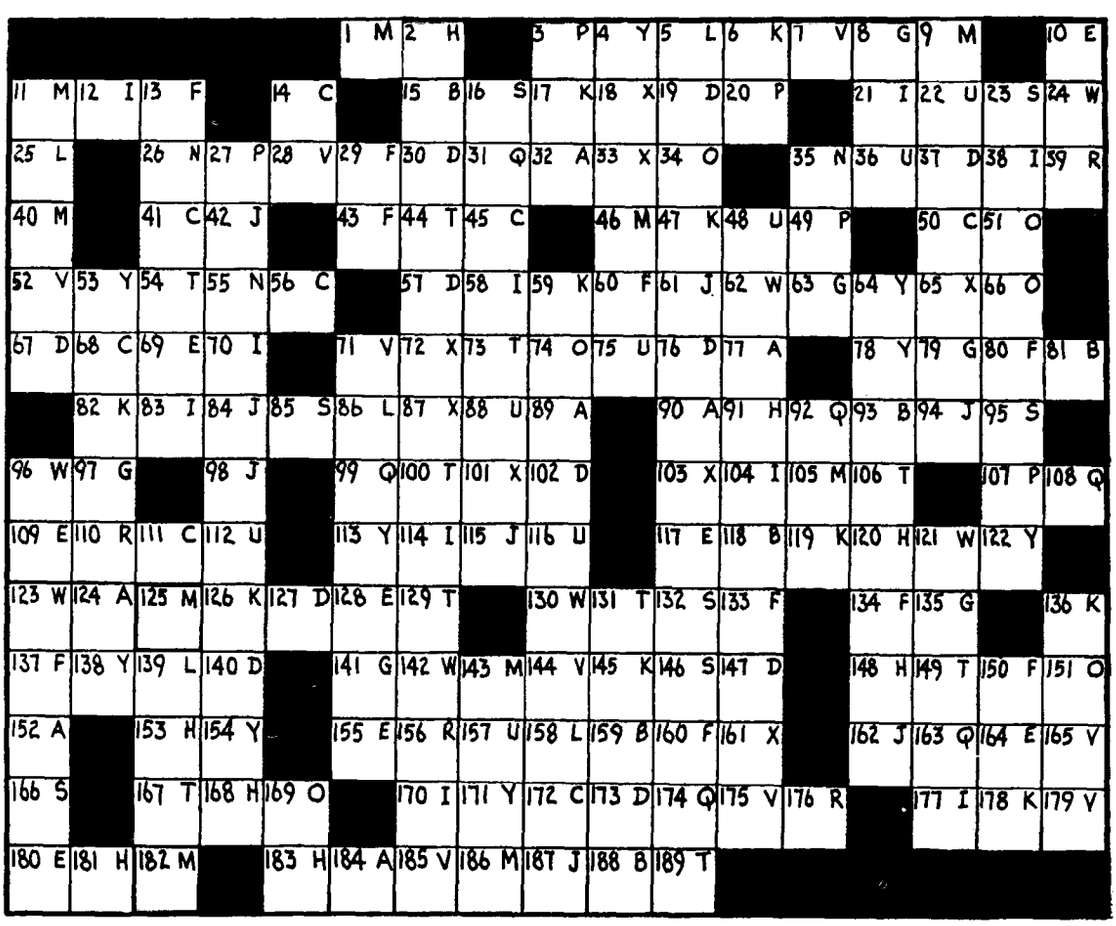
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The watery subject of a famous poem by Sidney Lanier.	184 32 77 89 124 152 90
B. The second god of the Hindu Trimurti (Hindu Relig.).	93 159 15 81 188 118
C. In fresco painting, the rough first coat of plastering (It.).	14 45 56 68 172 111 41 50
D. Another name for the movement in England called the Reformation.	37 30 67 19 76 57 102 147 173 140 127
E. At a pace only sufficient to make a vessel answer the helm (2 wds.; naut.).	180 128 164 155 117 69 109 10
F. With meager expenditure (3 wds.; colloq., Eng.).	133 160 80 43 150 29 13 60 134 137
G. Spanish painter, by some considered the founder of Spanish painting (1446-1500).	97 79 135 141 63 8
H. Morals, as of a story or fable (Pl.).	181 120 91 153 2 148 168 183
I. Rather good (3 wds.; colloq.).	38 104 12 114 170 70 58 177 83 21
J. Many-handed (Gr. myth origin).	162 61 187 98 84 94 115 42
K. Disagreeable.	178 17 119 6 82 136 145 47 126 59
L. Turbid; vexed.	5 139 86 158 25
M. Former senator from Vermont, responsible for bill establishing immigration quotas (1921).	40 11 186 105 143 182 9 46 125 1
N. Nazi general who organized the Storm Troops with "von"; 1868-1947).	55 26 35
O. German physicist and chemist, winner of Nobel Prize, 1920 (1864-1941).	51 169 151 34 66 74
P. Round.	27 49 107 20 3
Q. Strike-out record holder in 1946 in the American League (baseball).	99 174 31 92 163 108
R. Mountain chain in Greece, highest point, 7,060 ft.	110 39 176 156
S. Italian tragedienne, a principal actress in Europe (1822-1906).	95 16 166 132 146 85 23
T. A plant of the genus *Solanum*, called "deadly."	131 73 189 149 167 129 54 100 106 44
U. Impenetrable, esp. by an opponent (fig.).	22 36 157 116 48 88 112 75
V. Reflecting as in a looking glass.	144 7 28 179 52 165 185 175 71
W. Norse navigator, traditional discoverer of Vinland (c. 1,000).	121 142 130 123 24 96 62
X. Minute and very careful workmanship, esp. in unimportant details (fine arts).	65 33 18 161 72 101 87 103
Y. Center on the Hudson associated with Washington Irving.	53 4 122 138 154 113 64 78 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 31 of this issue.

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Some raved about it—"Brilliant", ATLANTIC

Some were shocked—"Disgusting", CHICAGO TRIBUNE

—but it became a best-seller!

THERE are some books that you have to judge for yourself. Something about the subject, or the viewpoint of the author, or the treatment of certain "sacred cows," makes critics react in ways that the average book-buyer, looking at their opinions, finds utterly confusing.

Take, for instance, the sensitive, courageous novel THE CITY AND THE PILLAR, by the talented young author Gore Vidal. His earlier two books, *Williwaw* and *In a Yellow Wood* had established him as one of the most promising writers in America. Then appeared the third book—and its subject was homosexuality. Immediately there were violent reactions. While many were disturbed by the theme, others saluted the brilliance of the writing and the understanding of the characterization. Some labelled it "sensational," others said, "restrained."

This is obviously a book you must judge for yourself. You can take neither the publisher's nor the critics' estimation. But judging from the phenomenal sales it is evident that thousands of people have agreed with Christopher Isherwood that this is, "one of the best novels of its kind yet published."

▲ "A straightforward, unimpassioned appeal for understanding of a subject that remains until now one of the major taboos."
—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

▲ "A brilliant exposé of subterranean social life among New York and Hollywood expatriates from normal sex. Essentially it's an attempt to clarify the inner stresses of our time, of which homosexuality and divorce are symptoms. . . . An entertaining story."
—ATLANTIC MONTHLY

▲ "Mr. Vidal is to be commended for his realism and honesty."
—SATURDAY REVIEW

▲ "Remarkable . . . extremely sympathetic, penetrating and exhortive. . . . Few readers will put down this book unmoved or untaught."
—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

▲ "Serious, discerning, and obviously courageous novel having no counterpart in the recent hash of similarly concerned novels. One goes back to Gide and Proust for anything comparable. Recommended."
—LIBRARY JOURNAL

the City and the Pillar

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